

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

LOAN DESK

1 November 1930

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Conservative revolt against Mr. Baldwin's leadership, or lack of leadership, came to a head on Tuesday at a meeting of nearly fifty members of the party in the Commons at St. Stephen's Club. The proceedings were private and it was intended merely to send a signed communication to the Chief Whip in advance of Thursday's party meeting. But by a regrettable and so far unexplained leakage, the purpose of the gathering and a partially inaccurate list of those attending it was sent to the newspapers.

This was regarded as a manœuvre to affect the Paddington election, where polling also took place on Thursday. It may be so. But it was obviously much more than that; for a sixth of a party does

not ask its leader to resign unless its dissatisfaction is deep and incurable. And it may be taken that this feeling was not confined to the actual attendants at the meeting.

The position of the SATURDAY REVIEW on this matter was made clear in two articles on June 7 and 14 and we have seen no reason to change our views since. We respect Mr. Baldwin as a man, but experience has shown us that he cannot be regarded as either a party or a national leader; and we suggested then that, as in the case of Mr. Balfour nearly twenty years ago, he would do better service both to his own reputation and to his party by stepping down from the leadership which he has always publicly declared that he does not care about. And it might be that history would in that case have repeated itself, and that, as in the similar case of Balfour, the most honourable part of his public career would have followed his titular resignation.



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Mr. Baldwin, however, thinks differently; and he at least seems to act as if he attached more value to the leadership than his published depreciations suggest. The matter was put to the vote on Thursday at the Carlton Club; and on a ballot he was confirmed in the leadership by 461 to 116.

In his speech before the poll he is reported to have remarked: "We cannot win if we go on as we are doing." That is obvious; but it is at least equally obvious that we can never hope to win while the party remains openly split in the ratio of one active opponent to four supporters within the ranks. Since the split is over the question of leadership, it is also obvious that it can never be healed while Mr. Baldwin remains leader.

At the moment, presumably, there is no question of resignation. But it is bound to come up again, unless the new Mr. Baldwin is very different from the old, and of that there is no chance, for both his virtues and his defects—his stubbornness in personal and his weakness in national policy—are deep-rooted in his character, and at his age men do not change.

Even so, should he resign there would be some difficulty about a successor. A few weeks ago the Party would have agreed almost unanimously on Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and even the dissentient minority would only have doubted on the ground that Mr. Chamberlain was an ideal Minister of Health, and could do better work there than elsewhere; a reason which would be entirely honourable both to those who held it and to Mr. Chamberlain himself.

But it is impossible not to recognize that his stock has fallen a little since his intervention in the Paddington imbroglio; and level-headed party men have been heard to declare that he has not quite the strength of his father or the tact of his brother in dealing with an admittedly embarrassing situation. (I have myself got so utterly sick of the whole Paddington business, that I have read anything and everything in the newspapers except the details of that by-election, but I have been impressed by the judgment of those who have made this particular point.)

Sir Robert Horne is an obvious alternative, and there is much to be said for it. He is a big man who has kept outside the dust of the ring, and would be respected both by the combatants within and without the party ropes. But Sir Robert has of late years become a great figure in the City, and it is very doubtful if he would care to abandon the certainties there for the uncertainties of Westminster.

There is, however, still another choice, whose name has not, I think, been publicly mentioned. Lord Hailsham is universally respected; and the ex-Lord Chancellor is perhaps the only member of the late Government whose reputation, already great in office, has actually increased since he resigned eighteen months ago.

It will be said, of course, that he is in the House of Lords and that precedent is against a Prime Minister sitting in the Lords. But is it? Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were both in the Upper House; Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was advised to take a peerage by his own party and, perhaps unfortunately for his health, refused to do so. The only actual precedent is the *ad hoc* one of Lord Curzon; and that, as everybody knows, was simply a polite means of refusing to serve under a potential leader of extraordinary ability but equally extraordinary unpopularity.

That particular precedent, then, comes to nothing; it is one of personal, not political, weight. And in these days, when the burden of office is great, there is much to be said for a breach of the old tradition of Peel and Gladstone, that the Prime Minister should make it his business to attend long hours in the Commons. It is a great thing, indeed, to lead the Commons, but it leads to the neglect of the particular business of Premiership. No human shoulders can maintain the double strain.

What, then, is the solution? Simply that at some period in the near future Lord Hailsham should lead the party in the Lords, with the reversion of the Premiership, and that Mr. Baldwin should lead the party in the Commons. The very faults of indecision and vacillation, which afflict Mr. Baldwin as Commander-in-Chief, would make him an ideal second-in-command; his personal popularity in the Commons is universally admitted, and he would carry the crew with him as chief officer under the captain as perhaps nobody else could.

For Mr. Baldwin himself this would mean the sacrifice of an immediate personal ambition. But his friends assure us—and there is no reason to doubt it—that he is above such petty considerations. And the country, which is always idealistic at heart, would recognize the essential nobility of such an abnegation in one of its public men, and rise to this example as a relief from the futilities and frustrations of the past few months. If Mr. Baldwin could see his way to this solution, he would not merely retain the affection, but reconquer the respect, of the whole nation.

There was a good deal of comment on the absence at the Party meeting, last Thursday, of a certain Peer who has been particularly outspoken in his criticism of Mr. Baldwin. It was reported that he had a chill, but as this is invariably his sad fate whenever great political issues are at stake, it was wittily remarked that his usefulness in the late Cabinet was confined to his ability in teaching other cats how and when to jump.

The opening days of the Simon enquiry into the loss of R 101 have already made it clear that the reconstructed airship was by no means satisfactory on her first (and only) trial flight, which had to be curtailed. Since she was admittedly an experimental craft, she was therefore put to unjustifiable risk in being despatched to India a few days later without further preliminaries.



Who was responsible? Further evidence has yet to be given as to that, and the statement that Lord Thomson was not informed of the curtailment of the trial flight needs elucidation. As head of the Air Force he must have known the length of time and the flight that was proposed over London and the Home Counties, and therefore he can hardly have been unaware, even if he only read a newspaper report, that the cruise was cut short.

Evidence has also still to be given as to the certificate of airworthiness, but the start was evidently made at the earliest possible moment. For that there were two reasons: Lord Thomson's almost fanatical personal belief in the airship as a craft, and the political need to impress the Imperial Conference with an achievement that would show something more than a purely negative policy. Better communications were to be the answer to Empire Preference.

The Government, as was anticipated, has made a mess of its Russian negotiations. It is now admitted that the Bolsheviks have broken their pledge against propaganda, and Mr. Henderson has spoken to them quite crossly about it—as though anybody outside a Labour Conference would pay the slightest attention to what Uncle Arthur says.

But the Government, which will do nothing for British agriculture—"no subsidy," says Mr. MacDonald firmly to the home farmer who is groaning under Soviet slave wheat—or the British Dominions, is quite willing to help Russia to buy sugar. Not, of course, British sugar: but nearly three millions sterling have been guaranteed for Russian purchase of Cuban sugar. No wonder Moscow laughs at the MacDonald-Henderson foreign policy. Most people will accept something for nothing.

If Lord Passfield is capable of emotion—a hypothesis to which no colour is lent by his published writings—he must be feeling pretty uncomfortable just now. Every one of the men who have laboured to make Jewish Palestine a success—Dr. Weismann in England, Baron de Rothschild in France, Mr. Felix Warburg in America—have repudiated his policy. So have the Conservative heirs of the Balfour tradition. So have Mr. Lloyd George and General Smuts, Lord Balfour's colleagues in the original Declaration.

There can be no doubt that, but for considerations which have nothing to do with Palestine, a vote of censure would be carried in the House of Commons. It is one more wrong to Jewry that its claims should be ignored because the Imperial Conference is sitting, and the Indian Conference is about to sit; and the *Daily Herald's* notion that it can hush the whole thing up by refusing to publish Dr. Weismann's letters is quite ridiculous.

What will happen if the Permanent Mandates Commission agrees with the view, influentially held and certain to be submitted, that the new policy is a breach of the Mandate? Britain must not be exposed to the humiliation of forfeiting her Man-

date because she has broken her word. The best thing the Government can do is to revoke their policy and dismiss the man responsible for it.

Let them make a scapegoat of Lord Passfield. At any rate he looks the part, whereas in Chamberlain's seat he is an impossible figure. As Colonial Secretary his failure has been complete. There is nothing he has touched that he has not injured. He has allowed himself to be chief mourner at the funeral of the West Indian sugar industry, and in Palestine he began his administration with a pogrom and is now seeking to wipe out its memory by the harsher affliction of a spiritual persecution.

Mr. Scullin's position just now is peculiarly unfortunate. He is in London, in attendance at an Imperial Conference from which Australia will get little in relief of her difficulties, at a time when he is badly needed in Canberra. The New South Wales election, by giving Mr. Lang, with his fantastic Labour programme, a majority, has added to the embarrassments of the Federal Government, Mr. Theodore has appeared again on the scene, though the question of his financial transactions in Queensland awaits judicial investigation, and Sir Otto Niemeyer is being subject to scurrilous attack for doing what Mr. Scullin invited him to do. Wireless telephone talks are no adequate substitute for the Prime Minister's presence. We don't want to lose him, but we think he ought to go.

Mr. Thomas's humour, ruggedly native though it be, is beginning to wither in the chilly blasts from Snowden and Canada. Suggestions that the Imperial Conference will be a failure make him the more angry because he finds the frigid prejudices of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as disconcerting to the Secretary of the Dominions as were unemployment problems to the Lord Privy Seal. Seldom has a Cabinet Minister let himself go as did Mr. Thomas at the Empire Producers' luncheon on Monday, when Conference delegates were the guests. He came near to being positively rude, and pointed a menacing finger at Canadian and Australian representatives in a way which fortunately they regarded with a smile. The newspaper reports afford no idea of the outburst.

The publication last week of the Report on the modifications to be introduced into the Constitution and the Electoral Law marks the opening round of the promised parliamentary conflict in Egypt, and the honours so far rest distinctly with the Prime Minister, Ismail Sidky Pasha. That our non-interference in this purely domestic affair has contributed to his success goes without saying, and the attitude of the Foreign Office has been rendered easier by the moderation of his proposals and his firm handling of the situation throughout.

The Wafdist leaders, in their counter-attack, have contented themselves with a reiteration of their threats and a reaffirmation of their oath, but Sidky Pasha will see to it that from the outset they are given no licence to foment trouble on the lines of the July riots, when 600 casualties were recorded in Cairo and Alexandria.

## POLITICS OFF THE GRILL

THE menu which the Government has put before Parliament is essentially *à la carte* rather than *table d'hôte*. It contains a number of dishes among which the diner can choose at his leisure, according to the state of his digestion, his temper, and his purse. There is no suggestion that even the most robust of appetites can stomach all the items on this bill of fare, and in our opinion few of them will even reach the table. In short, Mr. MacDonald has gone in for politics off the grill, and it will be interesting to see how his hungry followers like the method of his catering.

One thing, at any rate, is clear, and it is that the Government holds the Liberals in high disdain. They have, it is true, for a second time been promised the taxation of land values, and there is mention of a measure of electoral reform. On the other hand, the Trade Disputes Act is to be amended, presumably whether Mr. Lloyd George likes it or not. All this makes it abundantly clear that the Prime Minister is of the opinion, in which we concur, that the Liberals are more fearful of a General Election than of the abandonment of their principles, and that in consequence they can be relied upon to support any Government measure when the alternative is an appeal to the country. Mr. Lloyd George, in effect, is an inferior Parnell, who has allowed his support to be taken for granted: a mistake which the Irish Nationalists never made. At the same time, Mr. MacDonald has gone through the pretence of bargaining for the support of which, in reality, he is certain; hence the inclusion of electoral reform in the Gracious Speech.

If, however, the unexpected (or should we say the expected?) happens, and the Government is defeated, the programme outlined on Tuesday last is capable of immediate transformation into an election platform. There are not many votes in electoral reform, which would then be quietly shelved, but a good deal could be made of a Consumers' Council, and even the wicked landlord might do duty as a bogey once more. The policy of the Government is thus reminiscent of one of those newer articles of furniture of which we hear so much, that can be made to serve as a side-board by day and a bed by night. Mr. MacDonald's programme is equally adaptable, for it can be used in the House of Commons or at the street corner.

It would be idle to pretend that this is a satisfactory method of governing a great nation. The most pressing problems of the moment are either ignored altogether, or referred to a Royal Commission. If anything were required to prove to the world that Labour statesmanship is bankrupt, the King's Speech should serve that purpose. The Government has faltered before its responsibilities, and has taken refuge in an attempt to balance one section of its supporters, actual or potential, against another. To say that it is myopic would be too polite to be true. Rather has it deliberately shut its eyes to facts presumably encouraged by the unfortunate disposition of the Opposition to pursue the same course. The Prime Minister has stolen Mr. Baldwin's thunder; "Safety First" is the underlying principle of the Government's programme: and we can only hope that Nemesis will follow as swiftly in the one case as it did in the other.

The political situation is more than usually obscure, but in our opinion there is one ray of hope. The present Government is very definitely on the run. Gone is that jaunty air of self-confidence which took the Prime Minister to Washington and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to The Hague. Heaven is no longer to be stormed, and the wrongs of humanity to be redressed by the mere waving of the Marxian wand. Instead, there is evidence on all hands of a timidity that almost amounts to terror. Not Mr. Asquith himself was more cautious than Mr. MacDonald has become, and the Labour extremity is the Conservative opportunity. In fine, the King's Speech is a clarion call to action on the Conservative part. Socialism has shot its bolt for this Parliament, and if the Opposition can but put its house in order in time the victory is won.

## MUSSOLINI TELLS THE TRUTH

THE speech with which Signor Mussolini has ushered in the ninth year of Fascism appears to have alarmed the more nervous of our contemporaries, but for our own part we welcome it as evidence that at least one great statesman of the day is a realist. After the fatuous imbecilities of Mr. MacDonald on the ratification of the Naval Pact, and the ignorance of the important issues of the hour revealed by Mr. Henderson in his utterances at Newcastle, the Duce's pronouncement comes as a breath of reality, for which, we imagine, every intelligent European will be truly grateful. He alone has apparently taken to heart the old Biblical saying anent the futility of crying "Peace" when there is no peace, and he alone has had the courage to declare that disarmament conferences are a farce while old wrongs remain unrighted, and one Great Power after another steadily prepares for the next war.

To say that the speech was in some sense directed against France is certainly no exaggeration, but are the charges which it contains without foundation? We venture to think that they are not. It is true that M. Tardieu has always been scrupulously moderate in his statements, but the same can hardly be said of some of his lieutenants, notably M. Maginot, while the fatal and chauvinistic influence of Bar-le-Duc upon M. Poincaré has only to be mentioned to be admitted. Nor is this all, for Fascists have been murdered with impunity in the streets of French cities, and all that the Government of France has done in the way of atonement has been a grudging apology on the part of the Prime Minister, coupled with an admission that he was unable to take active steps against the murderers for fear of incurring the displeasure of the Grand Orient. We yield to none in our support of the right of asylum, and we harbour no feeling of resentment against the Italian Liberal exiles in our midst, but they must not imagine that they can murder their political enemies with the impunity which they enjoy in the French capital.

On the wider issue, too, Signor Mussolini is justified. There can be no possible shadow of doubt but that another armaments race has already begun. The Naval Conference settled nothing except the abolition of craft which were already obsolete, and had been so for years. If the Powers were sincere in their desire for disarmament, they



would begin by disarming in the air. France and her allies are arming to the teeth, the re-creation of the Spanish navy proceeds apace, and the German army is capable of almost indefinite expansion upon mobilization. Such being the condition of her neighbours, it is scarcely remarkable that Italy should question the sincerity of their professions of devotion to the sacred cause of peace. Security before disarmament is the cry of one Power after another, and in the quest of the former the latter is in danger of being entirely forgotten.

The only hope for Europe and the world to-day is, in our opinion, a remorseless facing of facts, and we are grateful to Signor Mussolini for having given a lead in this matter. If certain clauses of the Peace Treaties are found to be keeping open old sores, then let them be altered, as the Treaty of Vienna was modified to meet altered circumstances. It is useless, like the ineffable Mr. Henderson, to bury one's head in the sand, or, like the Prime Minister, to attempt to conjure away the evils of the moment by repeating some vague formula of peace and brotherhood more suited to a prayer meeting of the Salvation Army. The plain truth is that Europe to-day is drifting to war, and that her statesmen in their own hearts are well aware of it. No single nation, least of all our own, wishes it, but none, with the exception of Italy, has a leader with sufficient courage to say what the position really is. We have often disagreed with Signor Mussolini in the past, and we see no reason to suppose that we shall not on occasion differ from him in the future, but in the present instance we frankly recognize that he has performed mankind a definite service of the very first importance in calling attention to the dangerous condition of the world to-day. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*, and it is a hopeful sign that there is, at least, one sane man among those who control the destinies of humanity in this third decade of the twentieth century.

## THE REVISION OF THE PEACE TREATIES

BY THOMAS G. MASARYK

(President of the Czechoslovak Republic)

I AM asked whether patriotism or pacifism is the more necessary to Europe to-day. Well, some time ago I used to have discussions on this subject with Tolstoy, and we never agreed. Tolstoy, who took the view that patriotism is of nature aggressive, argued that when attacked one should not resist. Resistance, he said, only gave encouragement to the aggressor, while submission discouraged him. He proposed that the Russians should quietly submit to be murdered by hordes of Mongols and Tartars on the ground that resistance would spur the aggressors on to further slaughter. I, on the other hand, believe in the rights of self-preservation and maintain that defence is justified. I therefore make every endeavour to ensure that our army is as efficient as it can be made, but only for defensive purposes. Every nation should be prepared to defend itself against an aggressor, although it is sometimes difficult to define aggression. Aggression, offence and defence is a question of motive; the motive of aggression is quite different from the motive of self-defence. It is not an aggressive act if, in war, from strategical reasons, the aggrieved party uses offensive tactics.

It is quite possible for a man to be a good patriot in that he is prepared to sacrifice everything in the

defence of his own country, and yet to be an enthusiastic worker in the interests of peace. The term pacifist needs some definition, but if it is taken to imply a follower of Tolstoy and one who maintains that all defence is unjustified, I do not agree at all with that attitude. But if a "pacifist" is taken to imply a worker for peace, who is also ready to defend his country in case of aggression, then I see no reason why patriotism and pacifism should not exist side by side. The idea that patriotism must be aggressive is a fallacy.

Since the Great War the term pacifism is often applied to a form of sentimentalism which is a natural result of that world catastrophe. Although little in keeping with reality, this sentimental pacifism has to be taken into account as a force to be reckoned with. It has already been proved that it is possible for the very best patriot to think internationally, and the Czechoslovaks, who are a very nationally minded and patriotic race, are among the strongest supporters of peace. The League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, and M. Briand's scheme for federalizing Europe are only first steps on the ladder, but the fact that there are already over six hundred international societies, representing every kind of world activity in the arts, sciences, religion and industry, shows that progress is being made in the direction of international co-operation as opposed to international antagonism. Among the leaders of international thought are to be found some of the staunchest patriots, who would be the first to defend their own country in case of aggression. In order to work energetically for peace, it is in given circumstances neither necessary nor desirable to throw away all one's weapons of defence.

There are two principal danger points threatening the peace of Europe to-day. One is the Polish Corridor and the other is Hungary. With regard to the former, I hear from many Germans that they will never accept the present settlement, involving the cutting off of East Prussia from the main body of the Reich.

As far as Hungary is concerned there is some danger owing to the pan-Hungarian policy pursued by the Hungarians. The reconstruction of Hungary, as it was before the war, is impossible, because this old oligarchic regime was very unjust and oppressive towards the non-Magyar nationalities. At the same time, I understand the Hungarians in their difficulties and would, in favourable circumstances, be prepared to admit that a modification of the present frontier lines might be considered. But any change of the frontiers is reserved to the Parliament, nor can they be changed without the consent of the Little Entente and the other Allied Powers. Besides, the change could not be unilateral; our territory would also require an addition in our favour. But before this would in any way be possible the Hungarians must change their tactics.

With regard to Italy, I do not believe that Signor Mussolini has any real aggressive intentions, as such policy would be contrary to Italy's urgent needs and would hold out very slender prospects of success. Yugoslavia is a strong, fighting nation, with the strength of the Little Entente behind her and the great resources of France behind that. Signor Mussolini is well aware of the fact that aggression on his part would meet with the opposition of all Europe, and he is not going to take the risk of upsetting all the achievements of his regime for the sake of a wild adventure.

Religion plays a very important part in the politics of Central Europe, and in the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the Holy See has lost the support of a Great Power. It is therefore to be anticipated that the new conditions established by the Peace Treaties will give rise to renewed efforts on the part of the Vatican to increase and consolidate her influence in such Catholic countries as are contiguous to one another. Rome may play an important part in the destinies of Central Europe.

## THE INDIAN PROBLEM

(FROM A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT)

THE intention of the authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report was that while a great experiment in the direction of democratization was being carried out in the provinces, no change in the constitution of the Central Government should be made. This intention was carried out in so far as dyarchy was not introduced to the Government of India, which remained individually and collectively quite irresponsible to the Legislature. But the old Viceroy's Legislative Council was unrecognizably expanded into the Legislative Assembly, which was chiefly composed of the representatives of large territorial constituencies. Not only was it more numerous than originally intended, and directly instead of indirectly elected, but the Budget was made votable. As the constitution is now worked, even the Army has come to be debated through the expedient of allowing debates, not on Army votes, but on the votes for Army Headquarters.

The situation during the last ten years has, therefore, been that the Government of India has had to work with and through a legislature which has no responsibility. All colonial history, especially that of Canada, shows how difficult it is to keep an irresponsible executive and an irresponsible legislature on friendly terms. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report had attributed to this particular point the failure of the Minto-Morley Councils in the provinces. The Associated Chambers of Commerce of India, in their Memorandum to the Simon Commission, drew particular attention to this point:

The Montagu-Chelmsford Report emphasizes repeatedly the ill-effects of giving powers of criticism without responsibility, and regards the spirit of carping criticism which wrecked the Minto-Morley Councils as due to this irresponsibility. It is, therefore, surprising that the authors of the Report, having so clearly perceived the defect in the work of their predecessors, should have repeated that very mistake in the Central Legislature they set up.

"Responsibility for the administration remains undivided, with the result that while the Government found themselves far more exposed to questions and criticisms than hitherto, questions and criticisms were uninformed by a real sense of responsibility such as comes from the prospect of having to assume office in turn . . . the power remained with the Government, and the Councils were left with no functions except criticism. . . . Parliamentary usages have been initiated and adopted . . . up to the point where they cause the maximum of fiction." This criticism of the Minto-Morley Councils written in 1918 might as well have been of the Montagu-Chelmsford Assembly in 1928.

Very seldom in its Report does the Commission fail adequately to analyse and describe the present situation. They appear completely to have misunderstood the situation in which the Central Executive and the Central Legislature have been placed. They point out that the cases where there has been open conflict between the two forces are rare, and that there has been no case of deadlock. This they correctly attribute in part to the influence of the Assembly on the Government of India—it has only introduced Bills which there was a reasonable chance of passing through the Legislature. In serious cases of conflict, as when it was proposed to double the salt tax in 1924, the Viceroy has been able to use his power of certification in defiance of the Assembly.

The first point to consider is whether the influence of the Assembly in frightening the Government off certain measures is beneficial. The present writer knows of a case where a Member of Council expressed sympathy with a suggested amendment of the law, but refused to propose it, not only because the Assembly would probably have rejected that clause, but because,

having had its attention directed to the point, it might have made the law still worse than it now is.

The second point is to enquire how it comes about that the Legislature and the Executive have so often been in harmony. The answer is that the Government have repeatedly carried their Bills and financial resolutions by a small majority. Not only the nucleus, but more than half of that majority has been the official block consisting of forty nominated official members who have to support the Government. Under the new constitution that block is to be abolished. It must follow that the majority, which has so often been successful in bringing the Assembly into harmony with the Government, will become a chronic minority. In order to estimate the prospect of the Government continuing to be able to work through the Assembly, forty votes should be deducted from the Government majority in every important division for the last ten years. If that is done, there is not a single recent Budget, and not many important Bills that would have been passed.

One should add a word as to how the Government obtained its scratch majorities. Nominated members, not in the official group, were theoretically free to vote against the Government, but they thought it prudent, if they wished to be renominated, to consider the wishes of their patron. Any caste or personal animosities among elected members were astutely used, and lobbying by Government representatives was reduced to a fine art.

We come back to a constitutional axiom. The Executive must control the Legislature or be controlled by it. There are two things that can be done in India, and there is one thing that cannot be done. It is perfectly reasonable to go back and give the bureaucratic Government of India the power to get its views accepted by the Assembly; it would be equally reasonable to go ahead and make the Executive the servant of the Assembly. What cannot be done is what the Commission advise—to reduce the Government's precarious majority, and expect the Executive and Legislature to work amicably together. Would it be presumptuous to hazard a guess that all members of the Commission really favoured one or other of the reasonable courses, and only compromised unanimously in favour of the unworkable?

The argument in favour of retrogression is strong, and can be stated briefly. There can be few impartial witnesses who would describe the Legislative Assembly as a success, even as a debating society; there are fewer who would deny that it has been a perpetual embarrassment to the Government of India. The most important work under the new constitution will be done in the provinces and it is desirable that the pick of Indian politicians should devote their energies to provincial work. The existence of a strong central legislature representing the British India point of view is a stumbling block in the way of Indian States sympathetic to the idea of federation. A strong central government is an admitted need; why not strengthen it when so bold an advance, so generous a concession is being made in the provinces?

The argument in favour of making the Government of India partly responsible is more complex. In the first place, it is difficult to imagine a bureaucratic central government working amicably with popular provincial governments. In every federation there is friction between the central and provincial authorities; this sometimes becomes acute when opposite parties are in office in the two spheres. If the provincial governments regard themselves as the democratic representatives of a national movement, and the central government as the bureaucratic instrument of a foreign oppressor, a conflict is surely inevitable and, if it does not arise naturally, will be provoked deliberately.

Nor does it seem likely, if some degree of responsibility is not conceded at the centre, that there will be enough good will to start the new constitution even in the provinces. We could rule India autocratically,



without troubling about good will, but we are trying to persuade India to accept constitution of which good will is the only motive power. We cannot ourselves work a system the theory of which is that we should be absent. If, as seems likely, some degree of responsibility is pressed for by all sections of Indian opinion, we foredoom the rest of the Simon Constitution to a merely theoretical existence if we refuse.

The advocates of concession make a further point. India is chiefly of value to the Empire for the market that it affords. Any political policy, however ultimately successful, must be judged by the willingness of Indians to buy British goods. It is not reasonable to suppose, they say, that concession now would avoid a lengthy conflict in which we know from experience a boycott of British goods would certainly play a large part.

The object of this article is not to urge either advance or retrogression in the Central Legislature, but merely to point out that the choice lies between them. In this matter the Simon Report must be abandoned, for the policy recommended can only lead to further paralysis of an already feeble Government of India and further exasperation of an already embittered Legislature.

## THE CARDINAL'S CANDLESTICKS

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

AT the height of his power, Wolsey made plans for a glorious burial. His King had given him what is now the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor for his mausoleum, and in this chapel, Wolsey set up a splendid black marble sarcophagus and four or six great bronze candlesticks, twice as high as himself and decorated with heraldic memorials to his time and to his achievements. He was already serving his King and himself so well that he had almost entirely forgotten about serving his God.

Wolsey fell from grace and he was not buried in his tomb: in Cromwell's time, it was scattered far and wide. Years afterwards, the sarcophagus, which had remained at Windsor, despoiled of its ornaments, was used for Nelson's tomb in St. Paul's and four of the candlesticks travelled as far as Ghent: there they were placed on either side of the altar in the cathedral.

The story of the tomb comes to a graceful close with the reopening of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, for, on either side of the altar, there are reproductions of Wolsey's candlesticks, placed there by King George and Queen Mary as memorials to their parents.

Windsor is a store for romantic stories, but many of them have become faint in the public memory in the ten years during which the Chapel has been closed. Chaucer was Clerk of the Works to the Windsor Chapter. The first performance of Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives' was given in the Chapter library for Queen Elizabeth. The ghost of Herne the Hunter still rides across the Windsor Park, and you may still see the pit in which Falstaff hid when he disguised himself for his wicked dalliance. Walpole once took a house in the cloisters and Pepys attended service at St. George's and described it in his Diary. Wolsey was a Canon at St. George's, and Fanny Burney tells us of a night when she went to the Deanery, to attend a ball in celebration of her Sovereign's return to sanity. The bell in the Curfew Tower is the one which Gray heard, tolling the knell of parting day, while he sat in the graveyard at Stoke Poges.

There is no end to the procession of picturesque people who have given colour to the story of St. George's. But there is no more dramatic chapter in Windsor's story than the history of Wolsey's tomb, which he saw, but never filled. The black marble sarcophagus was big and elegant: the bronze candle-

sticks were heavy with Tudor roses. They would be crowned by perpetual flames, and his name would be whispered by generations of awful posterity, who would walk through his mausoleum on tiptoes.

But the King quarrelled with Wolsey and the Cardinal fell from grace. The youngest schoolboy in the country knows the story. The marble sarcophagus was left empty and the candles were never lit. It is said that Henry himself annexed the sarcophagus and placed his own effigy upon it. But even the King was not to fill the splendid tomb, and he has nothing more than a simple black marble slab in St. George's to mark the place where he is buried. So the sarcophagus remained empty and princes and courtiers pointed to it, thought of Wolsey's dark end, and made a moral from the story.

Cromwell gave the next turn to the history of the tomb. When he stalked into the castle with his soldiers, he threw the sarcophagus and candlesticks out upon the grass and gave the chapel to his men as a messroom. The sarcophagus was too vast to be dallied with. It remained at Windsor until Nelson died, when it was taken to St. Paul's, for his burial. Cromwell sent the candlesticks to London, we are told, and sold them as old bronze to the Bishop of Ghent. He carried them home and placed them in the cathedral, where they stand to this day. Thus was Wolsey's tomb scattered, as ruthlessly as his own glory.

The gift of the two copies of the candlesticks to St. George's by the King and Queen will add a new interest to the chapel when it is reopened on November 4. Nor is this the only change which will be discovered by those who remember its monuments as they were ten years ago. The memorial to King Edward and Queen Alexandra has been placed on the south side of the altar. Purists may think that Sir Bertram McKinnel's work is sentimental and not in keeping with the simple and chaste character of the chapel. But St. George's is almost free of unfortunate memorials and even the sentimentality of the group of angels and mourners, erected in memory of Princess Charlotte, is lessened by the austere Urswick screen which has been placed in front of the side chapel. Except for this graphic representation in white marble and a few lesser memorials which are happily hidden away, St. George's has been fortunate in its decoration.

The restorers have not made many changes within the chapel, but the external form of the building has been enhanced by the addition to the pinnacles of the Heraldic Beasts of the Tudor Kings. The originals of these beasts were removed by Christopher Wren, who was a son of the Dean of Windsor. His first experiments in architecture were inspired by this background of his childhood, for he lived in the Deanery for many years. When he was famous as an architect, he came back to Windsor and made a report on the chapel. It was upon his advice that the great heraldic beasts were removed from the pinnacles, thus robbing the skyline of the chapel of its main beauty. The beasts have been restored during the past few years and, with the bronze pennants which each one of them bears, they increase the character of the restored chapel and also make an interesting addition to the heraldic sculpture of the castle.

In a sense, St. George's Chapel is the Royalist shrine for England. It was there that Edward the Third imagined the tradition of chivalry which was to be symbolized and guarded by the Knights of the Garter. It is there, to-day, that our own King may realize that the Order has withstood the tempest of five hundred years and remained as immaculate as when it was founded. It is the oldest and purest order of chivalry in the world.

It was in St. George's that they buried Charles the First, after the terrible pilgrimage from Carisbrooke to Whitehall, from Whitehall to Windsor. It was

in St. George's that the last ignoble Georgian was buried and it was there that Queen Victoria saw many of the great and splendid occasions of the reign which restored the Ten Commandments to English life.

Now that St. George's Chapel is restored, scholarly sermons will be preached again from its lectern. But no moral the Dean and Canons can ever put into a sermon will be more simple and dramatic than the story of Wolsey's candlesticks and the impeachment against him that he gave his strength to making lights upon the earth and thereby extinguished his lamp in Heaven.

### WAS PRESIDENT HARDING MURDERED?

WHEN the late President Harding died suddenly seven years ago, surprise was mingled with the usual conventional regrets, for he was not an old man and his health had always seemed adequate if not robust. After a time it was whispered that there were odd features about his sudden collapse, and then again after a time the whispers died down, and the whole thing was forgotten.

It had been known, of course, in this country that President Harding's reputation was likely to be compromised by some financial scandals—the post-war period in United States history is one which, like the Grant Presidency, good Americans like to forget—but with President Coolidge as Harding's successor a purer atmosphere centred in the White House, and the name of Harding seemed likely to sink, for all practical purposes, into oblivion. Whether he died of apoplexy, as was officially stated, or committed suicide—as some alleged—might be an open question, but in the interests of the great office he had occupied, it was best left unanswered.

That, however, was not to be, and the affair has now had an astonishing sequel. There was recently published in America a book which has now been made available in this country,\* in which it is alleged that Harding neither had a stroke nor committed suicide, but that he was poisoned by his wife. This lady, who died three years after her husband, is represented as an ambitious woman, whose private life was as tragic as her public life was to all appearances a triumphant success. She was several years older than Mr. Harding, whose career she was largely instrumental in making; but to his (and presumably her) regret, there were no children of the marriage, and the time came when the President sought consolation elsewhere.

Mrs. Harding knew of her rival, and hated her; and she seems to have hated the young child of the liaison even more. Jealousy overcame her, and she employed a detective in the American Department of Justice to shadow the President's mistress and her establishment—an unsavoury and, as it turned out, a dangerous occupation.

Apart from the actual infidelity and the exalted position of the chief actor, the story so far was commonplace enough; but it presently takes on a more sombre and almost Hardy tone. Mrs. Harding began to dabble in astrology, and was persuaded to believe that she was a woman with a destiny; and having taxed her husband with this private fault, she determined to act as his personal secretary in public affairs, so that she virtually controlled his correspondence and even his movements.

The unhappy man, threatened by public financial scandals that would have ruined the Administration of which he was little more than nominal head, could not risk a private scandal that would have fouled the hearth of the White House. He consented to this supervision; his correspondence was intercepted, and now for the first time his wife understood that public perils

far graver than her private grudge threatened the President. Tortured and distraught, she did not hesitate; the author states that her own account to him was:

... I watched her face turn even whiter and for a brief moment her lips quivered. But her voice was clear and firm as she said:

"I was alone with the President... and... only about ten minutes. It was time for his medicine... I gave it to him... he drank it. He lay back on the pillows a moment... Then—suddenly—he opened his eyes wide... and moved his head and looked straight into my face. I was standing by his bedside."

As she paused I could not refrain the question:

"You think—he knew?"

"Yes. I think he knew. Then—he sighed and turned his head away—over—on the pillow... After a few minutes I called for help. The papers told the rest."

I have not betrayed my country or the Party that my husband loved so much. They are saved—I have no regrets—I have fulfilled my destiny."

Then, out of the deep—almost oppressive silence that followed, and as if in answer to my unuttered question, in a stiff frozen voice, without a tremor, she looked me full in the face and said:

"Mr. Means—there are some things that one tells—nobody."

To which I replied: "Mrs. Harding—there are some things—it is not necessary to tell."

And from that instant we understood each other.

Mr. Means is the only survivor of this alleged conversation, and in the nature of things he can produce no documents to testify to this part of his record. The question, then, turns on his general trustworthiness as a witness—a matter that is likely to be long and angrily debated in the United States, and on which we in this country have no materials for expressing an opinion. But if his general credibility can be attested by his record and other documents which, it is stated, are in his possession concerning the earlier phases of this affair, then his account will be regarded as less improbable than at first sight it sounds, and it may eventually be accepted that the President was poisoned by his wife to avoid exposure.

No more pitiful story has been told since Lear; and hearing it, we too can say, "He hates him that would upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out longer." The unhappy man had been tried too high. He had climbed to the supreme height only to find that disaster faced him both in public and in private. But for Mrs. Harding, it seems, there were no regrets. She had preserved appearances.

### RELIGION AND SOCIAL ORDER

BY WILLIAM SANDERSON

IN a book entitled 'Religion as a Bar to Progress' Mr. Charles T. Gorham asserts that the influence of religion generally is harmful, and challenges Christians "to prove that their religion has on the whole been of service to mankind."

The author hardly pretends to justify the general assertion and the book is mainly concerned with showing that the Church has checked the growth and spread of knowledge.

A general attack upon religion must fail because no society ever did or can exist permanently unless the function of religion is adequately performed. Politics and morals are concerned with the relationships of man with human beings and with things he can affect by his conduct. He is affected by other things which are, and must remain, outside the boundaries of knowledge, no matter how far those boundaries are extended. There is no doubt a prejudice on the part of all priesthoods in favour of defending the boundaries against science. There is no harm in defending these boundaries. Whether society has a little more or less

\* 'The Strange Death of President Harding.' By Gaston B. Means. John Hamilton.

\* 'Religion as a Bar to Progress.' By Charles T. Gorham. Watts. 1s.



knowledge at its disposal is of no great consequence. Two matters are of far greater importance, and both are overlooked by Mr. Gorham.

In the first place, the duty of a priesthood is to maintain mental balance and calm in the face of the unknowable and the inevitable. That there is a vague and shifting dividing line between the known and the unknown is undeniable. That it is foolish of priests to cling to any particular entrenchments may be asserted, but not without admitting that it is equally foolish of science to pursue knowledge for its own sake.

What priesthoods have usually seen is the second socially vital truth overlooked by Mr. Gorham, that whereas the amount of knowledge, more or less, makes little difference, its use and co-ordination must be provided for if it is to make for improvement.

We have to-day abundance of specialization, but of co-ordination we have no idea. We leave the art of government to the most ignorant, despite the fact that politics is the most difficult speciality of all. In another book Mr. Gorham says that "the poorest wage-earner has as much right to think for himself as the Pope of Rome." A right implies a duty, and if there be a right to think there must be a duty. But it is absurd to import a duty where there can be no capacity.

Thinking is a difficult art. Few, even of great specialists, are capable of thinking effectively about statecraft. It is just as absurd to talk of the "right" to think as to say I have as much "right" as Caruso to sing or as Paderewski to play. Against whom can I assert such a right? Even if I assert it, what good is it without the power to sing or play with supreme ability? "The poorest wage-earner" wants somebody to do the job of co-ordination so that he is relieved from the terrifying burden of thinking. Mr. Gorham knows little of the peasantry if he imagines that the right to think would ever be asserted.

Mr. Gorham omits altogether to mention the two main points for the indictment of Christianity. In the first place it substituted for the ideal of the strong, self-reliant, mature warrior character, an ideal of spirituality, disease and avoidance of life which has destroyed physique and character and reduced Europe to the immature mental standard of the nursery. In the second place it has insisted on the principle of imposing religious standards on politics and morals. Once admit that morals are derived from religion and order can be maintained only by insistence on conformity to one religion. Thus religious persecution becomes the only alternative to anarchy. Mr. Hilaire Belloc upholds the fallacy on which the whole policy of the Church has been based, and it is impossible to read his brilliant and generous book on Richelieu without a creepy feeling that the re-establishment of what he calls the Faith would inevitably lead to the burning of heretics. The same fallacy underlies the policy of the Puritan churches and in consequence we do in fact live under a moral tyranny which is more destructive of quality and national characteristics than the Inquisition itself.

It is nonsense to make sweeping assertions about religion. Religion is an abstract idea. When we get down to any particular religion we may compare one with another and see how each functions at any period. Christianity, from its cannibalism at the Siege of Antioch to its sufferings under Nero, from its triumph under the Spanish Inquisition to lectures delivered by St. Francis of Assisi to the birds, has embraced great statesmen as well as great criminals and fools. At the present day in England our disgraceful neglect of healthy instincts for smug standards of Puritanism is entirely due to the teaching of Christianity that the body is of no importance compared with what is called "the immortal soul."

What we require in our own time is a religion of any creed which will supply our religious needs and function so as to restore some health and mental equilibrium to modern society.

## STERILIZING MENTAL DEFICIENTS

ON January 1, 1930, there were, under official care, in England and Wales, over 142,000 persons certified as insane; and some 50,000 certified mental deficient. Of the latter, nearly one-half were in institutions, the remainder being under supervision outside. Whether insanity or mental defectiveness is increasing with anything like the alarming rapidity suggested by newspaper and platform commentators on these statistics, is highly questionable. As Professor Robertson recently pointed out, "fresh lunacy legislation has always been followed by an increase in numbers"; and he quotes historical instances to support his thesis that "public alarm at the increase of mental disease is a disorder of civilization that attacks nations periodically, like an epidemic."

So far as mental deficiency is concerned, however, it is certain that the 50,000 individuals under official care are but a fraction of the feeble-minded in our midst, though it is, at present, difficult to arrive at any accurate estimate of the total. We depend largely on the returns of local authorities; and these, as is evident from the recently published Annual Report of the Board of Control, adopt a very varying standard, and seek out the defectives in their areas with varying degrees of assiduity. Thus, Cardigan finds 5.83 per thousand of its population mentally defective, whereas Huntingdon reports but 0.18 per thousand. It is impossible to believe, as their returns suggest, that feeble-mindedness is twice as frequent in Devon and in Rutland as in Wiltshire, Essex or Cornwall; and nearly ten times as frequent as in Carmarthen. The Wood Committee estimated the average throughout the country at eight per thousand, though an unnecessarily high standard of normal intelligence seems to have been assumed. Mr. L. G. Brock, the Chairman of the Board of Control, who accepts this figure, stated the other day that only about one-third of these—that is to say, a hundred thousand persons—"are so far defective that they are unfit to be left at large in the community." From which it follows that institutional care of some kind is needed for 75,000 mental defectives, over and above those already thus provided for.

It is these 70,000 to 100,000 feeble-minded individuals, permanently unfit to share in the ordinary, free life of the community, who constitute the real mental-deficiency problem. While the ideal solution of this problem would be obvious if we were better acquainted with the genetic details of hereditary feeble-mindedness, and if we could recognize not only the defectives themselves, but the normal carriers of defective genes, we are bound to admit that, at present, no really effective preventive measures are possible. The exaggerated advocacy of sterilization as the true and only remedy for mental deficiency has the unfortunate effect of diverting attention from immediate problems, and consequently of hindering practical measures, urgently called for. It is not its wickedness or its "unnaturalness," but its ineffectiveness and lack of scientific foundation, that leads many thoughtful people to regret the premature and over-zealous propaganda of "eugenic sterilization." The Report of the Board of Control admits that, even at present, there are cases in which sterilization is desirable; but points out that "scientific and impartial enquiry is rendered difficult by the atmosphere which sterilization excites, and by the exaggerated claims which are put forward by its advocates. "Sterilization," the report goes on to say, "will not solve the many problems of the prevention of mental defects; indeed, it is doubtful whether it will appreciably reduce its incidence."

The President of the American Eugenic Society has calculated that about 11 per cent. of the feeble-minded of any generation are the children of feeble-minded parents, while 89 per cent. are the children of apparently normal couples. It seems that for every defective there are about thirty apparently normal

members of society, carrying defective genes; in their case, of course, paired with more perfect dominant ones. If we accept the estimate of 300,000 mental defectives in this country, it may, therefore, be presumed that there are also some nine million seemingly normal members of society capable of parenting feeble-mindedness. The notion that by the sterilization of all obvious mental defectives, even if continued for several generations, feeble-mindedness might be stamped out or reduced to small proportions, can be entertained only by those unfamiliar with even the little that is now known about heredity. Every class or group of society can, as it obviously does, reproduce all classes and groups. Intellectuals do not necessarily or solely produce intellectuals; nor do criminals necessarily procreate criminals. From which we are not justified in drawing the conclusion that sterilization, as one of the remedies for racial ills, is permanently barred out. It may prove of the utmost value when we know more about its possibilities.

Heredity is undoubtedly a potent factor in determining the trend both of the body and of the character of man, as of every other animal, just as the material of which a machine is made is an important factor in its ultimate constitution. But, to quote from Professor H. S. Jennings's 'The Biological Basis of Human Nature' (a first-rate book, which everyone interested in eugenics, racial deterioration, or social politics ought to read before he begins to dogmatize), it is not easy to say "which is more important for the manufacture of automobiles, the materials of which they are made or their method of manufacture? . . . From materials of a particular sort, a good machine of one kind may be made; not of another kind." It may be true, as the author of the Book of Proverbs tells us, that, once he is fully developed, "though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him"; but we now know that, at an earlier stage, the product of our inherited genes is determined quite as much by the internal environmental conditions to which they are exposed, as by their primary material. So fundamental is the influence of certain chemical substances on the development and functioning of the animal cell, that in many organisms even the sex is thereby determined or modified; while, in ourselves, the shortage or adequacy of such tangibles as thyroxin, insulin, and adrenalin may make all the difference between normality and dwarfism; between sanity and amnesia, between physical health and permanent invalidity. Human characteristics have not for the most part the simple "unit" constitution that characterizes the height of garden peas or the colour of poultry plumage. As Jennings puts it: "With every new individual, there is put together a new combination of the genes affecting mental processes; a combination that may never before have existed. The appearance of geniuses—of Shakespeares, Keatses, Lincolns—in mediocre families is an example not of the failure of heredity but of its method of operation."

The immediate need is effective provision, of an institutional, industrial-colony type, for the life-long care of the seventy to a hundred thousand permanent mental cripples who, for the sake of themselves and others, cannot be turned loose among the community. These "bad cases" should be regarded as permanent wards of the State—an unavoidable burden on Society. With proper organization, the burden should not be heavy; for, while the life of these subnormals should be made as tolerable and as individually helpful as possible, their colonies ought to be, in considerable measure, self-supporting. Release into the general body of the community should be granted to these "wards," when thought desirable, only on the condition of voluntary sterilization. The "in-and-out" institutional life sometimes led by lower-grade defectives is, both individually and socially, the worst possible.

QUAERO

## THE NOVELIST TURNS REVIEWER

BY DAVID OCKHAM

WHAT is a book reviewer? Nowadays, largely a lady or gentleman novelist who devotes so much time to the reviewing of fiction by other lady and gentleman novelists as to make one wonder how they find time to write their own books. This vogue for the novelist turned critic is a recent invention of the Stunt Press, which traditionally concerns itself more with the names appended to signed articles than with the quality of those articles. It may be argued that the professional novelist, as an expert in the craft of fiction, is specially equipped as a critic. If that were so—an assumption which leaves out of account the difference between imagination and analysis—the logical conclusion would be for Sir Gerald du Maurier to be invited to become the dramatic critic of the *Daily Mail*, for Mr. Jacob Epstein to write snappy little art notes for the *Sunday Express*, and for Mr. Augustus John to give us a weekly causerie on pictures in the *Sunday Referee*.

But even if the successful professional novelist were always and inherently a heaven-sent critic, the practice of printing his criticisms of fellow craftsmen is open to serious abuse. That is no reflection on the novelist turned reviewer, but merely a matter of human nature. If Miss Clodagh Browne-Jones publish an impassioned eulogy of Mr. Horatio Jenkins's newest novel in the *Sunday Excess*, it must be a trifle difficult for Mr. Jenkins to tell readers of the *Evening Banner* that Miss Browne-Jones's latest volume is not up to standard, assuming that to be his honest opinion. In point of fact, this type of log-rolling is so much in fashion that the prayer of the contemporary novelist should be "O that my friend would review a book." Certainly, the practice of engaging novelists to review the work of other novelists has led to the establishment of close corporations, non-membership of which tends to thrust the newcomer in fiction into the outermost darkness.

Then, human nature being what it is, there is the inevitable factor of professional jealousy. Obviously, the well-known and popular novelist who denigrates an equally well-known and popular novelist runs the risk of being told that he is merely jealous. Hence a perfectly natural tendency, if not to overpraise, at least to rate a book at a higher value than the reviewer believes it to possess. Conversely, if a young novelist dare to express an honest and adverse opinion of the work of his seniors, he is liable to be attacked for irreverence in belittling his elders and betters. What is more, his elders and betters may have sufficiently long memories either to go out of their way to run down his work, or, what is worse, completely to disregard it.

This is not to accuse the novelist-reviewer of dishonesty. But doubling the two parts is a vicious practice, which is rapidly debasing the whole currency of British literary criticism. Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours may represent a not unamiable foible, but the pastime of back-scratching has no place in the world of criticism. The sole reason for the existence of the critic, in any form of art, is that he should be both competent and honest. If he be incompetent, he misleads the public that looks to him for guidance; if he be dishonest, he deliberately misleads the public that looks to him for guidance. And it must on occasion be more than a little difficult for the novelist-reviewer to avoid intellectual dishonesty. And here I must say something of the most sinister of all literary practices, namely, the booming of a book to order. Not content with telling their readers what kind of hats to wear, to what politicians they should remove their hats, and what flowers to grow in their suburban back-gardens, our Press Barons have lately invented the pastime of discovering genius and ramming it down



the throats of the British public. This is done merely as a sensation; the discovery of genius has not only news value, but can also be invested with that "personal touch" so dear to Fleet Street and its adjacent thoroughfares.

A few weeks ago the literary critic of a widely read newspaper was advised by his proprietor that no new literary genius had appeared for at least a month or so. While the reviewer, himself a professional author, was vaguely wondering how he should fill the bill, there entered to him the astute agent of a publisher who, having in some way or other learned of the reviewer's quest, suggested that a new novel published by the agent's own firm would serve the purpose admirably. The hint was taken; the novel, by a young and previously unknown writer, has already sold I know not how many thousands of copies. Not having read the book in question, I am unable to say whether it is good or bad, but even if it were the most prodigious thing that has appeared since 'Hamlet,' the method by which it has been brought to the notice of the reading public seems hardly compatible with the dignity of letters.

In common fairness it should be said that there is one author who justifies the simultaneous practice of novel-writing and criticism. His name is Arnold Bennett. One may not always see eye to eye with Mr. Bennett, but, unlike so many of his fellow practitioners, he has a genuine and transparent love of literature, while his encouragement of newcomers is as rare as it is generous. May I add that, not being a professional novelist myself, I have nothing to gain by handing this bouquet to the Laureate of the Five Towns.

## THE SPEED OF BIRDS

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

EVERY day we see birds fly, whether we live in the country or are of the too great company of "those whom towns ensnare." There is no slum without its birds. Did not Thomas Hood—a poet much greater than his reputation—in one of the best lyrics in our literature note that the swallows "twit with the spring" even the sweated shirt-stitcher? Birds' flight is more than a Solomonic marvel, it is a standard beauty of a beautiful world. We shall not lessen its charm by some analysis or study of its technique and accomplishment.

In a wild avarice for so-called records, more people desire to know how fast birds fly and how far and how high, and the wonder grows at the peaks of migration, a process that continues in milder power during at least seven months of the year. Most immigrant birds fly quite slowly; the old tall stories of both the altitude and speed of their half-yearly journeys have gone the way of the legends of De Rougemont. A good motor-car on a main road could pass them easily; an aeroplane could whizz by them. Even the swallows often fly south at no more than forty miles an hour and remain low down well within the range of normal vision. They have a natural pace like a hound or a stag or a pedestrian; and that natural pace for any long flight seldom, so far as our evidence goes, exceeds fifty miles an hour.

How fast they can fly when the pistol is fired and their athletic ability is challenged is another question, very hard to determine. One of our greatest sportsmen was asked how he shot a pheasant that spread its wings flat and planed downwards. He said, "I don't"; and the common experience that such birds move so much faster than sight would suggest that they are safe from pursuing pellets.

Untutored sight is not a good guide, for the reason that the size and slowness of wing-beat disguise speed; the pheasant flies very much faster than the partridge, faster probably than the snipe. The old saying about race horses and human runners applies as accurately to birds: "a good big 'un is better than a good little 'un."

I do not know that anyone has ever tested the full flight of an eagle. Most of its more startling appearances have been in stooping after a fish-hawk or grouse or what not; and the dive is not strictly flight, but a debater should not be afraid of maintaining that the eagles are among the quickest of all birds. Observations made about the peregrine falcon, which comes perhaps next to the eagle in the hierarchy, maintain this claim for the big birds. Is any sight more satisfying than the more leisurely movements of the peregrine?

No other bird appears to travel anything like so fast between the strokes: the bird is a sailing boat, with an auxiliary engine. It certainly can fly forty or fifty miles an hour on wing-beats that you may count with deliberation. When stirred to energy and driven, it can double, can treble the fifty. Even racing aeroplanes would have trouble to keep pace.

It is a sort of standard belief among sportsmen (who are not always free from the temptation to say and believe the proper thing) that the teal and the garden plover are the quickest birds they see. How splendid the flight of both! The swing and dash of the golden plover—partridge and snipe in one—is an exhilaration; and the strong-muscled duck, as well as the pigeon, seems to fly about as fast up wind as down.

But ocular as well as statistical evidence suggests that greater speed is attained by those birds which may be called specialists. Most birds have at least two modes of motion. Partridges do not fly for fun, but to get somewhere. The Dodos of Madagascar became as flightless as the original Apteryx. They lost the power of flight not, like the ostrich, because they enjoyed running, but because they enjoyed eating and grew too heavy. In certain sorts of country pheasants give up flight altogether.

Ducks and gulls and such tribes enjoy swimming as much as the rails enjoy running. The storks wade and walk; and the lark is not the only small bird that is "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," that is both of air and earth. The mere fact that few of our birds sing while flying indicates that they attain to ecstasy while perching. The larks, pipits, wrens and cuckoos that chaunt on the wing make a small exceptional company.

Yet some few birds there are which are only themselves when on the wing; and the chief are the swallows and swifts, with some of the hawks as companions; and size for size, being specialists, they excel the rest in easy speed and flight. Now the swift, which looks like a swallow, is anatomically nearer to the hawk; and the species, as it happens, outdoes the rest in speed. The standard view is that the Alpine swift is the fastest bird that flies; and no one who has watched our own swifts screaming and careering round the village spires, rushing down and shooting up on a quick wingstroke, quite different in kind from any bird that flies, will be inclined to doubt the verdict. But if such a spectacle could be vouchsafed, no race would be better worth a crowd than a straight mile or two between swift and peregrine.

The faster birds in general are those with tolerably short wings and immense chest muscles; ducks, pigeon and game birds especially. They fly less easily but at greater speed than the large-winged, light-bodied birds such as gulls; but the gift of supreme speed, at any rate, over any considerable distance, belongs to those that share the qualities of the classes represented by duck and gull. The swallow is endowed with special airsacks for lightness and his flight is both a glide and a drive.

## A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

LAST week a London paper claimed that undergraduates at Oxford were this year more serious than their predecessors. There seems more truth in the assertion that one might have expected. First-week attendances at political meetings are usually large; the Freshers' curiosity must be worked off. But even allowing for this the attendance at the Union for the first debate of term was abnormally large, and during the earlier speeches many undergraduates were unable to find seats. Mr. Pethwick-Lawrence and Major Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter were the visitors. By a large majority the house decided that it would prefer a tax on foreign manufactured goods to an increase in direct taxation. This is the first time a Protectionist motion has been carried for some years. It is fitting that this should occur when both President and Librarian are Conservatives.

Membership had last year declined slightly, but the number of new members must so far have been well above the average. These facts lead us to suppose that there will be an increased interest in politics this term, and there is little doubt that Conservative opinion is becoming stronger in the University. It is understood that Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. George Lansbury have accepted invitations to speak in the Presidential debate in the sixth week of term.

Last year the Conservative Association had a reputed membership of 1,500. Its nearest rival was the Labour Club with about 300. But as the last election was responsible for a considerable number of recruits no doubt many will have gone down this year. Sir Samuel Hoare addressed the first meeting of term in the Clarendon Hotel, but the accommodation proved inadequate for the attendance. This ought to mean that membership will in no way decline. Lord Melchett was to address the Association on November 1, but he may be prevented from fulfilling his promise by his illness. Major Oliver Stanley, Lady Astor and Lord Lloyd, who aroused such enthusiasm when he spoke last year, have promised to visit Oxford during the term.

"A Diogenes" has raised a storm of comment by a letter in the first issue of the *Isis*, accusing landladies of overcharging. One of this year's peculiarities is that a great many High Street lodgings are vacant, perhaps a commentary on the country's economic situation. The crux of the argument is, of course, that the undergraduate is only up for twenty-four weeks out of the year. But even allowing for that, the cost of authorized lodgings is high. £2 10s. is an average price for those centrally situated, and coal, light, baths and meals are usually proportionately high. One landlady has suggested that undergraduates should be forced to be in bed by 10 o'clock each night and have a certificate, furnished by their landladies, that they were not affected by intoxicating liquor. The fact remains that unauthorized lodgings are frequently as good as those authorized by the Lodgings Delegacy, and are much cheaper. The undergraduate has to pay a high rent in order that a certain measure of supervision may be exercised over him.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society are seriously contemplating an ambitious production of 'Hassan' next term. The present plans include the use of an adequate orchestra for the Delius music.

The Empire Free Trade Club, which has already undergone many vicissitudes, has been disbanded and reconstituted as the Imperial Club. Colonel Wilfred Ashley will address its first meeting.

*Competitors are asked to note that the Short Story Competition, with prizes of 25, 12, and 6 guineas, remains open until November 3; and for Dominion competitors until April 4, 1931.*

## THE SCARECROW

BY S. H. McGRADY

FOR years the Scarecrow—as they called him—had worked on the farm. He could be seen wandering over the fields, hooting at rooks and sparrows, or sitting in the hedge, or looking for nests, or perhaps for rabbits.

He came from nowhere; he never had a father or a mother. Small, his ragged clothes stained with soil, with a face half weak, half cunning, sleeping in lofts and barns, he was the butt of everybody. If there was any distant implement, it was the Scarecrow whom the labourers sent to fetch it; if the servants at the house wished for entertainment, it was the Scarecrow at whom they giggled; if the farmer wanted someone on whom to vent his ill-humour, there was always the Scarecrow.

Poor Scarecrow! Perhaps he was not so wretched as people thought, or as he looked. Perhaps he found consolation in the company of wild birds and animals for the ill-treatment meted out by humanity. Perhaps his nostrils quivered at the smell of the freshly ploughed earth, perhaps it was a joy to him to see the straight brown furrows, to hear the sad cries of the pewits, to feel upon his face the wind and the rain.

It was not the rough horse-play of the labourers or the merriment of the servants which the Scarecrow minded. They were kind-hearted enough, he knew. But with the farmer it was different. Burly and brutal, often drunk, always bad-tempered, he vented upon the Scarecrow his cowardly ill-humour. Cursed and beaten, the Scarecrow feared his master, and hated him with a hate at once intense and cunning.

One day, as the Scarecrow sat under the hedge, he heard voices in the lane beneath, and peeping through the brambles, he saw his master and a neighbouring farmer.

"I shall be dead by Michaelmas," said the latter. "That is what my son is waiting for. The lazy scamp thinks to have a nice, fine time with the money I've made by the sweat of my brow. He thinks he's safe enough with my will in his pocket. But look here. This is another will of a later date which I got drawn up in town only yesterday. In it I leave the farm and my money to you. When I'm gone he'll wish he'd been a little more grateful. You're a good farmer, and a careful one, and know the worth of money. I want to feel when I die that the old farm will always go on as now, not go to rack and ruin. Look after the old place for my sake. But don't say anything about it yet. My son wouldn't let me die in peace, if he knew. Put the will away. When I'm in the churchyard, you can bring it out."

As the Scarecrow peered through the bushes, he saw the old farmer hand his master a paper.

"I'll be quiet about it, never fear," said his master as they parted. "It will be safe enough under the apples."

Left to himself the Scarecrow, revolving the rattle he carried to scare away the birds, a crafty grin upon his face, walked round and round the field. As a rule the birds were permitted to enjoy themselves at their leisure, but on this particular afternoon the Scarecrow surprised them. Shouts, whistles, rattles, stones from catapults—there was quite a commotion among the feathered community.

One afternoon, several months later, the sound of a tolling bell from the village church awoke the stillness of the fields.

The next day the farmer climbed up the stairs to a kind of store room, where the agricultural implements not in use were kept. Rakes, pitchforks, scythes, harness covered the walls; hams and gammons hung from the great oak beams. Upon the floor, spread out on old newspapers, were a number



of apples. Stooping down, and rolling some of the fruit from a corner into a heap, the farmer raised one of the boards which formed the floor, and took out—a blank piece of paper.

For the next few weeks the farmer raved and cursed with a profanity which even he had never before attained. The Scarecrow, as usual, came in for most of the ill-usage. His eye was blackened by a heavy blow, and he shook with fear at the sight of the farmer, but often when he was in the fields or the stables a cunning leer would pass over his face.

"Bless me, Scarecrow," said the cowman, "you seem quite merry of late—at least for you."

And the Scarecrow grinned.

## THE THEATRE

### "THE GREATEST GAME IN THE WORLD"

BY ROBERT GORE-BROWNE

*The Grain of Mustard Seed.* By H. M. Harwood. Ambassadors Theatre.

*Mr. Eno: His Birth, Death and Life.* By C. K. Munro. The Arts Theatre Club.

*Chéri.* By Colette. The Incorporated Stage Society.

"PLUS ça change . . ."—that cliché is the secret of the politician. In our lifetime dynasties have fallen, empires have been shaken, nations have emerged. But the same English politicians go on playing the same game in the same way. Once he has scaled the ladder at Westminster, only death or directorships have power to dislodge a British statesman.

That is one of the reasons why Mr. H. M. Harwood's political comedy, 'The Grain of Mustard Seed,' revived at the Ambassadors ten years after its first appearance, is so fresh. The other reason is that the author's mind, ahead of its time, penetrates through detail to the truth. It is amusing to present oneself in spirit ten years hence at the first night of the revival of a more recent political success, 'The Apple Cart.' Which play can better stand the wear of a decade? My money would be on 'The Grain of Mustard Seed.' Its writer worships fewer fetishes.

The moment of revival is apt. The farce at South Paddington waters the soil for the comedy in West Street. Threats of a General Election can have no terror. And if politics have not moved in ten years, change need not be expected in human nature drawn from life and not from the types of stage convention. The story of the vulgarian candidate, his aristocratic fiancée and her pre-marital lover is as convincing as when the shifting of values by the war first inspired it.

Played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Jerry Weston could not fail to convert his fiancée from indifference to love. If his idealism and strength of character were more convincing than his uncouthness, there was no doubt that in this man of action lay the power to accomplish. Too often on the stage the ability of strong characters has to be taken on trust. Miss Joyce Kennedy gave a bitter, intense study of the girl who loathes herself as much as she loves each of the men in turn. Mr. Stafford Hilliard sketched her father with a firm hand and Mr. Bromley-Davenport was perfect in every gesture and intonation as the confirmed politician. Mr. Roger Livesy demonstrated effectively that no man is a hero to his own chauffeur and with Mr. Hyde White, as the authentic paid Conservative worker, evoked the spontaneous, surprised burst of laughter that is rarely heard.

Under pressure of mortality, Anatole France's sage condensed his 'History of Mankind' into three facts: "They are born, they suffer, they die." In his summary of human life at the Arts Theatre, Mr. C. K.

Munro adds a third activity: "They aspire." But he hastens to assure us that their aspirations have no more significance than their sufferings or their deaths. By some curious working of the ironic mind he appears to allow some importance to their births.

Mr. Eno's father aspired to the finest collection of butterflies in the South of England. In his life this ideal bored his son by its insistence, and distressed his son's wife by the dust it collected. His death removed butterflies from their minds until Messrs. Carter Paterson presented a bill for their return carriage from the Natural History Museum. That institution had refused to house the late Mr. Eno's aspirations.

Mr. Eno's own ideal was the cornet. In middle age he forsook its inspiration because it interrupted Mrs. Eno's maternal and household duties. Moreover, an illusory success at the office had bred an arrogance that condemned the ideal. But when success took wing, and wifely tolerance succeeded wifely irritation, Mr. Eno's old age found refuge in the cornet.

Mr. Eno's son, too, cared for higher things. Like every third character on the English stage, he wrote poetry. He was also interested in girls, who dealt with his aspirations in practical feminine fashion. Ethel wanted lovers, Phœbe children. Phœbe let her pre-occupation spoil the culminating moment of Mr. Eno's life, when the mayor gave him a silver cornet. Mr. Munro implies that she was right. And perhaps she was, for Mr. Eno did not much mind. He did not much mind anything that happened to him.

It is hoped that this brief summary does not too much injustice to Mr. Munro's very clever and sometimes very moving summary. It is not easy to condense the lives of three generations into an evening's entertainment. Mr. Arnold Bennett took a fat volume to do that in his 'Old Wives' Tale.' The method then was a loving realism. Mr. Munro takes the shorter cut of an ironic symbolism. But his irony, when politicians are not the quarry, is not unkindly. His symbols are the common, rather ridiculous objects of daily life—cases of butterflies and coffins, office stools and park benches, and the cups of tea that are apparently the only practical comfort suffering humans can offer each other. It is honest to add that the realistic scenes—principally those that dealt with young Mrs. Eno—were more effective than the purely impressionist.

All the company were admirable. It is, perhaps, unfair to single out Mr. Rodney Millington's reporter and Miss Pamela Willins's Phœbe, or to record that Mr. Richard Goolden's super-senility gave me the best laugh I have had since Governors' Speech-day at school. Mr. Eno, and all that he implied, was very cleverly suggested by Mr. Roy Graham. Eno passed before the eyes of the audience from the obscurity of early manhood, through the shadows of middle age into the twilight of eld.

It is a pity that considerations of censorship are unlikely to permit the public performance of Colette's interesting play 'Chéri,' which was acted this week under the auspices of the Incorporated Stage Society. Apart from a little of that curious archaic slang that seems to dog translators, the translation is good, but as is inevitable, the difference of social custom stands between the audience and the author. It is necessary in judging this play to remember that prostitution, which here barely ranks as a trade, in France has the dignity of a calling. Colette's theme is double—the advancing age of the courtesan and the sullied youth of her children. What made the two performances at the Prince of Wales' Theatre memorable was the superb acting of Miss Mary Clare as the ageing mistress of her colleague's young son, who was played with sincerity and enthusiasm by Mr. Hubert Langley. Miss Clare's mastery of voice, poise and emotion was absolute. She showed the sufferings of a woman brave enough not to admit suffering. I have no hesitation in testifying that here was a great bit of acting, and regretting that the general public could not be there to enjoy it.



EARL RUSSELL



## THE FILMS OLD ENGLISH AND NEW AMERICAN

By MARK FORREST

*Old English.* Directed by Alfred E. Green. The Marble Arch Pavilion.

*Whoopee.* Directed by Thornton Freeland. The Tivoli.

**O**LD ENGLISH, which was at the New Victoria last week, has moved to the Marble Arch Pavilion to make room for Mr. Lonsdale's comedy, 'On Approval,' the trade presentation of which I commented upon a little time ago. Mr. Alfred Green, who directed 'The Green Goddess,' is responsible for the direction of Mr. Galsworthy's play, and once again he has caught the atmosphere of the subject with skill. Most people are familiar with the story of 'Old English' and probably remember Norman McKinnel's admirable performance of Sylvanus, the ruthless shipowner, who takes a bribe to put through a shipping deal in order that the children of his illegitimate son might be saved from poverty. The fraud is discovered by a rascally solicitor who is acting for the daughter-in-law of Sylvanus, and upon his threatening to expose the old man unless his requirements are satisfied, the old man prefers to die of a surfeit of the good things of life than to suffer himself to be led by the nose.

George Arliss, who played the part with great success upon the stage in America, repeats his performance upon the film; and though he is not the staunch holder of the last ditch whom one's imagination pictures, his performance is full of deft touches that make it—within the limitations imposed arbitrarily by the personality of the actor—a fine piece of work. It is a pity that, this being so, the supporting cast should be so poor. Hardly any of the other parts attain their full significance. That George Arliss can hold his audience is a tribute to his acting, and his characterization, if lacking the forcefulness of Norman McKinnel's, provides the part with a touch of wistfulness for which it is none the worse.

'Whoopee,' an American musical comedy, has replaced 'Raffles' at the Tivoli, and as the show is produced by Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Ziegfeld, English filmgoers are given their first chance of seeing a few of Mr. Ziegfeld's famous chorus girls; their dancing is excellent and so are their figures.

The musical comedy is based upon a play and the result is a curious hotch-potch, the plot of the play making spasmodic efforts to appear now and again, but being thoroughly routed. Filmed in colours, which appear more natural than has been the case heretofore, the entertainment will appeal to those people who appreciated 'The King of Jazz,' but it has two great advantages over the latter picture, but first of which is the presence of humour. Virtually the whole of this is provided by Eddie Cantor, and, though the majority of his jokes are inclined to vulgarity, a vulgar age is not likely to resent it. His methods differ from those of Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton, the difference, I think, lying in his incisiveness. He is never at a loss, and when in any difficulty gets out of it or into another at top speed. If the films had remained silent he would not rank with Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton at all, but he has a distinct advantage over the latter in a talking picture in that he possesses an amusing voice and can sing. The two songs which he sings in this picture are likely to have a recrudescence of popularity owing to the way in which he "puts them over." The second asset in 'Whoopee' is that the chorus and other musical comedy effects are used with discretion by Mr. Thornton Freeland, and the tempo which he maintains is the correct one for farce.

## THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—V

A. *The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Ten Guineas and a Second Prize of Five Guineas for the best Essays on the future relationship between Religion and Science.*

The essays should be not more than 1,500 words long, or they will be automatically disqualified. Should it, however, be necessary to make references to, or short quotations from, authorities, these can be placed in a separate appendix to the essay and need not be included in the 1,500 word limit.

Every essay must be accompanied by a coupon which appears on the last page of this or some subsequent issue; and the envelopes containing the essays should be marked "Competition 5A" in the top left-hand corner.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym and to retain a copy of their essays. Every attempt will be made to return the entries submitted, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope; but the SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. mislaid or lost in the post.

The Editor's decision is final.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, December 8. It is hoped to announce the awards early in January, 1931.

B. *Police Constable Smith, on traffic duty near Charing Cross, is suffering from unrequited love. Following immemorial tradition, he attempts a poem to the object of his affections, but being a better policeman than poet he fails to produce anything better than a limerick, which he rightly feels is unsuited to the occasion. For the moment he gloomily contemplates suicide beneath the traffic it is his duty to control, but quite properly rejects that course on the ground that it is illegal. The SATURDAY REVIEW, sympathising with his perplexity and, indeed, despair, offers a First Prize of A Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet or a short lyric which P.C. Smith can present to the object of his affections. It should be explained that, love being proverbially blind, the divinity whom P.C. Smith worships is a woman policeman.*

For this competition no coupons are needed.

Competitors should mark their entries "Competition 5B" on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. The closing date for entries will be Monday, November 10, and the awards will be announced in the issue of November 22.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION I

B. *The SATURDAY REVIEW, recognising the change in the spirit of the age, offers a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best short lyrical poem on Speed.*

### JUDGE'S REPORT

1B. Entries in this competition were more remarkable for quantity than quality. Perhaps the most interesting came from P. M., but her free verse was dubiously a lyric and certainly not a short lyric. Damon, too, though good, erred on the side of lengthiness. T. E. Casson had to be disqualified as slowness, not speed, was the subject of his charming poem. I thank Barbara Fletcher for chuckles caused by her delicious parody, at the same time warning her that, even in a hurry, "above" does not rhyme with "curve." M. K. McIntosh deserves mention as a promising member of the Drinkwater school, but I disagree with his notion of rushing motor cars resembling giants on the march. E. S. Goodwill can be felicitated on a ballade in the Chestertonian manner. After a false start, Pibwob continued and

ended finely, and one of his lines, "The unhurried swiftness of each quiet star," deserves citation. First prize, however, is for Gertrude Pitt. There is celerity and a certain beauty in her verse which should be declaimed to be appreciated. Norah Butterfield earns second prize, and sincere compliments on the third line in her second stanza.

#### FIRST PRIZE

I am Speed that sings—  
Speed of the shining wings;  
Look in my eyes and follow me—faster, faster!  
I give you joy of my burning kiss,  
I lock your hands in my grip of steel,  
Held in my arms you shall race and wheel  
On a thread that spans the dark abyss  
Between devouring flame and the sea's disaster.

I am Speed, I tire  
Of insatiable desire;  
But though I abandon you, O lover, I teach you  
To laugh in the grisly face of Death;  
I fashion for you a comely shroud,  
Immaculate water or sunlit cloud,  
And lovely as music's lingering breath  
The lamentation of living men shall reach you.

GERTRUDE PITT

#### SECOND PRIZE

You think that pace is everything,  
"To get there" is your eager cry.  
With throb of engine, whirl of wing,  
You pass—we watch you speeding by.

You take the mystery from the earth,  
Horizons lure you not at all,  
You give us thrill in wonder's dearth,  
And, laughing, say "The world is small."

You swiftly pass from pole to pole,  
From all terrestrial limits freed:  
Having so quickly reached your goal,  
What will you do there worth that speed?

NORAH M. BUTTERFIELD

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- † The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- † Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

#### THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM

SIR,—In your "Notes" last week, you comment on my prophecy that fifty years hence there will be in England "one united Protestant Church of England, long disestablished and compounded of the Church of England and the various Nonconformist bodies of to-day," and you remind me of the improbability of the Nonconformists submitting to reordination as a condition of reunion. I quite agree that there is no likelihood of their changing their attitude on this—to them—essential point. But will Anglicanism be equally intransigent on its insistence on reordination? I very much doubt this.

A certain number of Anglican bishops and a large part of the Church Assembly seem to regard Episcopal Ordination as a matter of Christian "orderliness" rather than as affecting the validity of the ministry of the Sacraments, and hence as a non-essential. Thus, the Archbishop of York, in his "Christus Veritas" (p. 163), says: "I think that if a layman 'celebrates' (the Eucharist) with devout intention, he effects a real conse-

cration, and any who receive at his hands receive the divine gift. None the less he acts wrongly, not only because he offends against the actual rule of the Church, but because his act is destructive of the values which the ordered ministry exists to conserve, and which are an important element in a Christian experience." The admission by a Primate of the Church that a layman has power to give all that is given at an Archbishop's celebration indicates that episcopal ordination is not an essential requisite for "priesthood" as His Grace conceives it, and is an expression of opinion which outweighs the view of the Anglo-Catholic, Rev. W. Knox, who declares: "Nonconformist ministers are not validly ordained: they have no authority to preach the Gospel in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the sacraments which they administer are no sacraments at all!" ("Catholic Movement," p. 255). The Bishop of Gloucester, one of the most influential of the Anglican Bishops and Chairman of a recent Church Congress, has said: "Nonconformists say: 'We think it would be untrue to our calling if we submit to any reordination.' I think they are right. We Anglican Clergy would not accept any form of reordination for the sake of reunion with the Eastern Church or the Church of Rome, and we have no right to ask it of others." (Lambeth Joint Reports: a discussion, p. 140.)

I cannot but think that the acceptance by Anglo-Catholics of the ideal of "comprehensiveness" as an Anglican characteristic will logically dissolve, in time, any militant opposition to reunion with Nonconformists on Nonconformist terms. Now that average Anglicans and Nonconformists are not divided on doctrinal issues, and a strict doctrine of "Apostolic succession," basing the validity of the priesthood on ordination by Bishops in continuity with the Apostles, is not generally held as an essential of Anglican belief, I foresee no permanent obstacle to reunion without reordination.

It is not impossible that Anglicanism may achieve recognition and intercommunion with Orthodoxy—if the Orthodox can "economically" overlook doctrinal comprehensiveness—but even if this is secured I do not foresee any new obstacle in the way of "home reunion." I do not believe that the Orthodox would excommunicate the new member of their autocephalous group, even should it come later on to offer, to Nonconformity, reunion without reordination.

If, as the Conference Report affirms, substantial agreement was reached on the doctrines of the priesthood, Real Presence and Eucharistic Sacrifice between the Orthodox Patriarchs and Anglican bishops at Lambeth, the chief doctrinal obstacle to intercommunion has been overcome, though both Evangelicals and Modernists may be expected to repudiate agreement with the Catholic Eucharistic doctrines of both Orthodoxy and Rome.

I am, etc.,

FRANCIS WOODLOCK, S.J.

SIR,—Gibbon, when considering the state of the Church in A.D. 363, remarked: "The Christians had forgotten the spirit of the Gospel, and the Pagans had imbibed the spirit of the Church." This comment is not without interest at the present time, when religious leaders deplore the falling off in the practice of religion, and the gradual supersession of the Christian ethic. Some have taken the situation so seriously to heart that they declare they see in these things the sign of an internal decay which bodes no good to the national life; they fancy they discern in that same hour in life's feast when all is talking, singing and dancing, the appearance of a hand which writes on the wall "Numbered! Numbered!" and, having written, passes on.

We all know these forecasts. No one really takes any notice of them, just as no one took any notice of Tacitus and Juvenal. For myself, I think there is some substance in the warnings, and that if we



addressed ourselves seriously to the task, it would be difficult to refute the charges.

Allowing, then, that present conditions are not satisfactory or such as to promote the true strength and efficiency of the national life, to whom should we first turn but to the Church herself? But there we find disunion, dissension, constant and bitter strife, not with the pagan world but among the different branches of the household of faith.

England is called a Christian country, which might lead one to imagine that the vast majority of the people were actively identified with the Christian religion—but what are the facts? Rather less than one-third of the adult population is concerned with organized religion, while more than two-thirds will have nothing whatever to do with it. To those who believe that irreligion is a source of weakness to the national life it is a tragedy that this two-thirds "pagan" element, lying at the very doors of the Churches, has to be neglected year after year, while the Churches fight perpetual battles over Reservation, Orders, Fasting Communion, Vestments, Lights, Incense and Confession. Through the ardour displayed and the strength dissipated in these fights the Christians are diverted from their main object, and are unable to present a united front to, or make a combined onslaught on, the ever-increasing battalions of the indifferent.

While all these matters of dogma, and doctrine, and patristic tradition have their undoubted interest, might they not be treated as subsidiary to the vital issue, and reunion be effected between the Anglican and the Free Churches of this country? Mutual concession would be necessary, but why is this impossible?

Reunion with Rome is desired by some ardent spirits, but this is clearly impossible in view of the Roman claims that that section of the Church has alone the final and complete revelation of ultimate truths. But no such barrier exists between the Anglican and the Free Churches. Some sacrifice ought, therefore, to be made to break down such barriers of prejudice and tradition as exist between these bodies, so that no longer shall the husbandmen forget the harvest and fight among themselves, while the whitening fields turn brown, and the harvest rots away.

I am, etc.,

Streatham Common

P. H. C. PRENTICE

#### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND CANONIZATION

SIR,—“Layman” suggests that the Church of England should proceed to canonize as saints some of the eminently holy people who have been members of her communion.

While at first sight this idea seems attractive, I cannot help thinking that “Layman” has failed to realize all its difficulties. The essence of canonization is that a person so exalted is thereby declared a saint of the whole Catholic Church: not merely of any one branch. True, the Roman Church canonizes saints without consulting the Anglican or other Churches: but that is because she regards herself as the whole Catholic Church, and therefore regards the consent of other bodies as needless. So far as local Churches in communion with Rome are concerned, none of them can canonize a saint. All they can do is to propose a candidate for canonization.

The Anglican Church does not claim to be the whole Catholic Church. It regards at least the Latin and Oriental Churches as equally parts thereof. It logically follows, then, that the very nature of the Anglican theory of the Church precludes the Anglican Church from canonizing saints.

Moreover, what are the tests by which to judge the fitness of a candidate? In the Roman Church those

tests are heroic virtue and miracles, proved by evidence before a special tribunal. In the Anglican Church no agreed criteria exist, nor any tribunal.

The Anglican Church, then, clearly cannot canonize anyone. All it can do is to await the eventual reunion of Christendom.

I am, etc.,

Highbury, N.5

J. W. POYNTER

#### CARDINAL BOURNE AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR,—Dr. Sutherland confuses the issue which was clearly defined last week with the misstatement that “birth control, as the words are generally understood, has been condemned by all Catholic theologians without a single exception.” This is categorically false. Monsignor Canon Brown (now Bishop of Pella) before the National Birth Rate Commission gave evidence that the Church of Rome permitted a generally well-known and widely-used method of birth control.

Further, Fr. Slater’s compendious work on ‘Moral Theology,’ bearing the “Imprimatur” and “Nihil Obstat,” sets out the permission for the use of the most artificial method of birth control. Full details are more easily available in ‘The Morality of Birth Control by a Priest of the Church of England,’ chap. vi, but reference should also be made to Slater’s own Vol. II, third edition, printed by the Printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

Dr. Sutherland asks for the name of the Pope who considered and refrained from condemning birth control officially: it is Pope Gregory XVI; the full references he asks for are in my book, ‘Contraception: Its Theory, History and Practice,’ pp. 263-70.

I am, etc.,

MARIE C. STOPES

#### ‘TITHE AND AGRICULTURE’

SIR,—As the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke does not now reiterate his former erroneous assertion that “tithe has from time immemorial been paid by the State to the Church,” nor does he again endorse the extraordinary enquiry of an earlier correspondent who asked “why the whole nation should continue to pay tithe to the Church,” I am relieved from the necessity of a reply, as my protest was confined to these two cardinal points which, in my opinion, entirely vitiated the further remarks which Mr. Clarke based upon them. Though by what process of reasoning he connected a correspondence upon Agricultural Tithe with the recent Lambeth Conference and the Prayer Book controversy I cannot imagine.

As, however, he requests me to look again at the late Lord Chancellor Selborne’s great handbook ‘The Defence of the Church of England’ I have done so and I find that in his extracts from that book there are material omissions. For instance he quotes: “On the dissolution of the monasteries Rectorial tithe passed to the Crown,” but the passage in full says “Those Rectorial tithes which had belonged to the dissolved corporations passed with their other possessions to the Crown.” Without these omitted words it would naturally be concluded that all tithe, parochial as well as otherwise, was thus alienated. However, Mr. Clarke may be congratulated on having by this extract clearly shown that tithe was not paid by the State, but was given as a private benefaction by individuals. Without entering upon the various disputable propositions which followed in Mr. Clarke’s first letter it may be useful to draw attention to the allusion in the last paragraph to future Disestablishment. This of course includes Disendowment, which would be its inevitable accompaniment. It is therefore proper to remind payers of clerical tithe that the Act which disestablished and despoiled the Church in Wales did not relieve them of their obliga-

tion to pay tithe, but transferred the ownership of this tithe to the Welsh County Councils, instead of its payment, as for centuries heretofore, to a generally indulgent body of clergy.

I am, etc.,

T. MARTIN TILBY

Bournemouth

#### ' VINTAGE YEARS '

SIR,—The speculations of "In Vino Veritas" are not very profound. I never suggested that the only vintage years were war years. I suppose that in a sense we are "all pacifists now"; but I was studying and writing about international arbitration long before 1914. I have certainly not been a teetotaler since 1884, and quite recently a hospitable wine merchant at Bordeaux was kind enough to tell my introducer that I knew far more about claret than he ever thought an Englishman was likely to know!

I am, etc.,

9 New Square, W.C.2

E. S. P. HAYNES

SIR,—The remarkable letter from "Scorpio," which appears in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, seems to require some comment, however brief; perhaps, therefore, you will allow me to quote a couple of sentences from the introduction to Dr. Jeans's 'The Universe Around Us': "Where the astrologers went wrong was in supposing that terrestrial empires, kings and individuals formed such important items in the scheme of the universe that the motions of the heavenly bodies could be intimately bound up with their fates. As soon as man began to realize, even faintly, his own insignificance in the universe, astrology died a natural and inevitable death."

I am, etc.,

WALTER CRICK

Eastbourne

#### ' THE MASEFIELD COUNTRY '

SIR,—Those who know best that lovely part of eastern Herefordshire which contains the picturesque little market town of Ledbury (the Poet Laureate's birthplace) are amazed to see a map of the Masefield Country on which Ledbury is not marked, and an account in which neither it nor Herefordshire is mentioned. They feel much as a Warwickshire man would, faced with an alleged map of the Shakespeare country omitting Stratford-on-Avon.

John Masefield was born at The Knapp, Ledbury, an attractive house standing between the station and the town. It was built by his father, one of a family of Ledbury lawyers of standing, and is still occupied by his brother. There can be no question that Ledbury (and not Worcester) is Saul Kane's town, the scene of the 'Everlasting Mercy.' Ledbury streets and ways (Homend, Cabbage Walk, Dirty Lane, Worcester Walk and Market Place) are named in the poem in their right topographical relations, as are the two hilltops overhanging Ledbury—Bradlow Knowl and Dog Hill. The county gaol at Hereford, not Worcester, is mentioned as that familiar to Kane.

The scene of 'The Widow in the Bye Street' is also laid in Ledbury, the face, however, purposely disguised by references in the poem to Shropshire, an allowable poet's licence, perhaps due to the awkwardness of getting the word "Herefordshire" to scan in verse. In Ledbury, however, is the only Bye Street I know (except Bye Street in Hereford in which Lord James of Hereford was born), and at the bottom is that bridge under which the branch railway to Gloucester now runs. It was in the making of this line along the old bed of the Hereford and Gloucester Canal that Jim Gurney, the widow's son, worked as a navvy, and in the condemned cell at Hereford he asks his mother: "I s'pose they've brought the line beyond the Knapp." Standing on the Knapp lawn last

week, I saw this embankment just below, and remembered how, fifty years ago, I canoed past in a final water trip to Gloucester before the canal was closed. The high embankment which, as described in the poem, hides from sight the little inn where poor Jim Gurney primed himself for murder, was then in making. John Masefield was only five or six then, but the canal past his home remained to him "the romantic highway of my childhood." Plaistow (Plaisters End in the book), where Gurney's light-o'-love lived, is exactly as described, across the fields from the canal and the inn.

As a lad, I was calling at every inn in Ledbury, for my father's brewery, about the time of John Masefield's birth, and can testify that his sordid low-life scenes are true to facts. I know which was the inn in a back lane where Saul and his fellow sots drank, and remember, too, its sly landlord.

'The Daffodil Fields' has its scene laid in that well-known daffodil country (mostly in Gloucestershire) running from Ledbury to Newent. In the season one sees cartloads of the golden bells in Ledbury streets. Here, too, Dauber came from.

It is a true poet's country, this strip of foothills on the Hereford side of the Malverns. "Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist," sang Mrs. Barrett Browning—its one limit the Worcestershire boundary along the Malron ridge, nearly four miles from Ledbury. Within it, less than two miles from Masefield's birthplace, were reared Elizabeth Barrett and Will Langland, or Piers Plowman, the last birthplace a recent revelation. The Malvern Hill scenes described by all three poets are wholly within Herefordshire.

Gloucestershire, however, comes close to Ledbury. Down towards Gloucester, that nearest seaport, went the Leddon and the canal, the poet's heart with them. So Masefield Country runs on through Dymock, the probable place of meet in 'Reynard the Fox,' and the land from the end of the Malverns to Watersmeet and Broad Oak on the Severn all belongs.

The Masefield family came, I think, originally from near Ercall in Shropshire.

I am, etc.,

Hereford

ALFRED WATKINS

#### SUCCESSION TO THE CROWN

SIR,—It appears to be generally believed that, in the event of the succession to the Crown opening to two or more daughters the eldest would succeed by right.

The Crown is held by the present Royal Family under the Act of Succession (1701), which contains the words: "... to the said most excellent Princess Sophia and the heirs of her body, being Protestants." In English Law the doctrine of primogeniture among daughters does not obtain, and a peerage governed by such limitation would fall into abeyance between the daughters.

Now, is there any precedent, in the case of the Crown, to justify a descent, by right, upon the elder of two daughters? It is true that the daughters of Henry VIII, Mary and Elizabeth, succeeded in order of seniority, but they did so by virtue of an Act embodied in the will of their father. Similarly, in the case of the daughters of James II, the order of succession was settled by a special Act of Parliament.

In the light of these facts, it seems that the possibility of the succession opening to two daughters is not at present clearly provided for, and in the event of it actually so doing, it is difficult to see how the question could be solved, unless it had previously been settled by Act of Parliament. For, if the above inference is correct, an Act of Parliament would be necessary, and yet, if the Crown's title were in doubt, no such Act would be valid.

I am, etc.,

Haputale, Ceylon

LESLIE DOW



## 'IS GOLD PLAYED OUT?'

SIR,—The author of the interesting article 'Is Gold Played Out?' appears to assume that trading by barter is a revival of a dead custom, whereas there never has been any other method known to traders. Gold itself is a commodity, and it is chiefly the level-headed intelligence of men with goods to sell that has made it a means of exchange, and consequently the standard by which we value all other goods. The compactness of gold; the fractional difference between its buying and selling prices; its slow change in value; and its ready market, constitute it an ideal commodity for which to exchange goods.

The man with goods to sell will only part with them for goods, and naturally he selects the commodity that itself does not require costly marketing. If he exchanges ten tons of British steel for goods, and his choice is between so many ounces of gold in a New York Bank and so many bags of wheat in a Montreal warehouse, he will take the gold that is stable and easy to sell rather than the wheat which may fall in price and be difficult to market.

This method operated all through the war and all the years since. Governments limited dealings in gold, printed paper and called it money, but the man with goods to sell only parted with them for that paper which gave him claim to so much gold lying in the banks of New York. Through all those years, while paper money could be exchanged for paper money and a ten-dollar dollar was payable in gold over the counter in America, all trade was barter because all merchants really bartered their goods for gold payable in New York.

The mistake that is made about the gold standard lies in supposing it to be some rather weak and artificial contrivance of bankers and governments who selected gold as a measure in an entirely arbitrary manner. But gold has not been selected at all. It is its own peculiar qualities that give it a unique position from which all the governments of Europe have tried to dethrone it . . . and failed.

The very existence of gold in the banks of America during the mad years of inflation wrote down the value of printed money as fast as the governments increased its quantity. It was the actual intrinsic worth of that commodity that made Germany and Austria bankrupt, that made France declare a dividend of four shillings in the pound and that forced our own nation, at great sacrifice, to bring paper money to a gold value or lose our markets.

Let us suppose that the attempts made to interfere with gold as a standard had been applied to some other measure. Take the foot rule. Succeeding governments declare it shall be fourteen inches, then eight feet, twenty-two yards, forty-three miles and finally eighteen light-years (madder things were done with paper money than this). Let us suppose, to enforce the decrees, that the standard foot rule in the Guildhall were cemented over, no trade allowed in foot rules and all measure were imprisoned in a New York bank cellar. The very memory of the people would correct any very erroneous statements and the most heated eloquence would not convince a pedestrian that Oxford Street was only seventeen feet long, or an astronomer that Mercury was fourteen inches from the sun.

If all rules and measures were thus banished, at the very worst our idea of a foot might sometimes rise to fifteen inches or shrink to nine, especially if the foot rule were itself liable to slow variations. This illustrates the present difficulty about gold. It has been locked away so long that it is hard to judge its precise value in other goods. Year after year for sixteen years trade has been increasing at more rapid rate than gold has been mined, so that it is probable that all commodities should be appreciably cheaper instead of dearer than they were before 1914.

Gold, strong enough to smash the artificial currencies of the strongest governments, is now tearing off the

last of the petty bonds that laws have imposed upon its liberty, and world demand is once again allowing it to declare its own real value. There may be a few awkward years before the worth of a sovereign in loaves of bread gives the impetus to gold mining that will restore the balance.

In the meantime some of these interesting experiments of which your article treats may serve a useful purpose, but it is simply playing with realities to suppose that after centuries of simplified trading, such as the gold standard secures, the business men of the world will revert to complicated calculations of the price of brass-finished bedsteads in cocoa beans, or the worth of a ton of pig iron in coconut copra. We have to reckon with the man with goods to sell. He has fixed gold as the standard and will take nothing else for his commodities. He does not care a fig where that gold is, as long as his claim upon it is secure. But his banker does care, and to finance his transactions must secure that his own country has its reasonable stock of this commodity.

Hence the scramble for gold—the sanest and soundest movement for sixteen years.

I am, etc.,

ALBERT E. BULL

S.W.2

## THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S

SIR,—I have the greatest sympathy with Mr. Norman Hay and his friends but I am convinced that they are on the wrong tack. It is impossible in practice to separate "activity" and "passivity." For good or evil they act and react upon each other.

Yet Mr. Hay is right in saying that "the Creator must be responsible for the lessons of experience." Our problem is "How to reconcile them with Positive Commands?" Those commands are given through men, and even an inspired prophet is hampered by the limitations of human language and, in consequence, Positive Commands require to be qualified by the Teaching of Experience. My own impression, formed after conversations with pious and able clergymen, is that this is more widely realized by the clergy than your correspondent believes.

The Teaching of Experience, however, is subject to the same limitations. When precipitated into a proverb it is at once seen to require qualification. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" is true, but not the whole truth, and needs to be supplemented by the qualifying proverb: "Penny wise, pound foolish." If this seem to your correspondents mere Pyrrhonism I would remind them that the supreme test of character is not doing right but finding out what is right.

I am, etc.,

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON  
Hon. C.F.

Emsworth, Hants

## EMERSON ON THE ENGLISH

SIR,—At this critical moment in the fortunes of our race, the following passage from Emerson's 'Conduct of Life' (Chapter III, 'Wealth') seems worth considering:

"The Saxons are the merchants of the world; now, for a thousand years, the leading race, and by nothing more than their quality of personal independence. No reliance for bread and games on the government, no clanship, no patriarchal style of living by the revenues of a chief, no marrying-on—no system of clientship suits them; but every man must pay his scot. The English are prosperous and peaceable, with their habit of considering that every man must take care of himself, and has himself to thank, if he do not maintain and improve his position in society."

I am, etc.,

Authors' Club, S.W.

A. J. MAAS

## NEW NOVELS

*The Virgin and the Gipsy.* By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 7s. 6d.

*D. H. Lawrence.* By Rebecca West. Secker. 3s. 6d.

*Mosaic.* By G. B. Stern. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

*Claudine at School.* By Colette. Translated by Janet Flanner. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

*They Die Young.* By John Sommerfield. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*As You Were.* By Wilfred Benson. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

ONE of the troubles of our time is the tendency of stupid people to simplify and so misinterpret the views of "advanced authors" into a new "emancipated" orthodoxy which, by its complacent indifference to intuition, threatens almost as much tyranny to individual feelings as ever did Victorianism. By tremendously urging kinds of human virtue for lack of which character dwindles into being absorbed by the pettier, though more important-sounding motives, the late D. H. Lawrence inevitably distressed some of those graces of life which more easily receive their meed of appreciation in our present civilization. But he detected a parrot-like unction among the "emancipated" no less than in the fury of his detractors, and came in time—not, indeed, to "pursue a middle course" (typical self-congratulation of mediocrity!)—but to reconcile some of the extremes which aspiration or revulsion had prompted.

It was not Tolstoy's Puritanism but his "passional urge" which made him great, Lawrence once declared, but, taking 'The Kreutzer Sonata' as the most flagrant example of the kind of Tolstoyan propaganda which Lawrence detested, surely no such formula will explain why such unmistakably creative power made us feel those characters, drawing from them, conceivably, conclusions quite other than Tolstoy intended; and so it is with Lawrence's own characters when he is at his best.

Propagandist intentions are implicit in 'The Virgin and the Gipsy,' but both these characters stand as protagonists of the author's idea without any mitigation of their unsociable qualities. There is a fine old melodramatic conclusion which somehow escapes all falsity by its sincerity—with the gipsy rescuing Yvette (the Virgin) from the flooded river, which takes toll of hideous old Granma, embodiment of all the forces that weigh on youth, and one reader found himself hoping that Yvette would indeed survive, even thereby to learn a little more consideration for other people's feelings. But admirably Lawrence reveals callousness as inherent in rebellious youth, declining to "fake" that amiability with which the ingratiating sue for sympathy. "Give them time," he seems to say. "To someone they can respect, young people will release their sympathy," and hence his much misunderstood plea for passion, for tenderness unspoiled by cold, calculating motives of "bossing" people.

A lame précis of Miss West's witty and subtly moving essay, reprinted from the Lawrence Memorial issue of the *New Adelphi*, would be no service to the reader. So, avoiding any attempt at paraphrase, the novel-reviewer must plead as extenuation of the theft of a non-fiction book from his colleagues that it serves as an admirable pendant to posthumous work of Lawrence, containing as it does not only vivid portraiture of the man and of two widely contrasted English Florentine authors, Norman Douglas and Reggie Turner, but a tribute and vindication of Lawrence's life-task by a novelist, able both to present an argument and reveal a character, showing how whimsies of his which she and we were tempted to controvert as silly and irrational can be reconciled as

part of his greater, simpler idealism. Here, again, even where such writing may not compel our agreement, it adds something to our perception of life.

Admirers of Miss Stern's work who followed the fortunes of the Rakonitz family through 'The Tents of Israel' and 'A Deputy was King' will welcome her latest novel. The exigencies of this new sequel, as dictated by her imagination, have obliged her to make minor alterations in the family tree, she confesses in a preface, but readers who are in any doubt as to the Rakonitz or Czelovar ramifications have only to turn to the genealogical chart on the last page to refresh their memories. What an enormous fecundity of characterization here abounds! 'Mosaic' seems almost too frozen and static an epithet for the dense hive of people, all intensely alive, who populate and, unmistakably, pullulate in her pages. One gets the feeling that every chapter is crowded with the intense gregariousness of the Jewish race, since the social strata at the Seize-Rue-Caumont, Paris, and similar salons in London and Vienna are widely removed from the physical overcrowding of Zangwill's 'Children of the Ghetto.'

It is the growth and eventual break-away into independence of the younger generation which gives the character to this sequel. Of their seniors' heart-rending loss of purpose in life to find their philanthropic instinct for power thwarted there is nothing more revealing than the passage of arms between the possessive, volatile Berthe and Rudi's equally dominating English wife, who tells her the appalling home-truths: "People can't live with you, so you'll be left alone," but fortunately, perhaps, for her peace of mind this barbed dart does not quite go home.

Colette shows us that, in France no less than in England, examinations have their terrors. There were "goings on" where Claudine was at school, of which I recollect no parallel in 'The Girls of St. Winifred's' or 'Hilary's First Term.' Some may think the tomboy heroine somewhat precocious in her observations on schoolgirl jealousies, the amorous proclivities of the men connected with the establishment and the truly remarkable behaviour of the mistresses, but she seems to have had good sense besides an opportunely impertinent wit. Daughters of boarding school age, while not hesitating to read this book themselves, may think twice about giving it to father for a Christmas present.

The reader who discovers that the hero of 'They Die Young' lives up to the title of the novel on page eleven, need not, however, be discouraged. With a "cut back," presumably to previous history, Mr. Sommerfield is only just getting into his stride. Christopher is shown pursuing the thread of his somewhat self-conscious disillusionment from a bemused adventure with an actress in Soho, across the Atlantic in the company of a nicely forthcoming American girl, office-work and play in New York, to rough life at sea, punctuated by rough love-making in ports. There are indications of a real gift for straightforward narrative, sometimes submerged when the hero has moments of alcoholic trance or when the transports of love are blotted out with a row of asterisks, showing that super-realism, whatever its claims for the truly dissociated sort of writer, is not Mr. Sommerfield's strong point.

'As You Were' has the merits of a sharply defined narrative of experiences in the Inns of Court O.T.C., and at the Prior Park O.C.B., during the last year of the war. The progressive stages of Rupert Carne's adaptation to his environment are intelligently indicated, and there is a certain psychological interest in the antagonism between him and the sergeant-major, more important to them than the wanton landlady's daughter, for whose favours they vied in rivalry. But the dialogue somehow fails to carry conviction and the successive episodes have the air of being jostled instead of being allowed to happen.



## REVIEWS

## CRISES AND CONSEQUENCES

*Turning Points in History.* By the Earl of Birkenhead. Hutchinson. 21s.

OF history in general Lord Birkenhead may have had no more knowledge than can be acquired by any man of intelligence and industry. Of the history of his own time he was, on the other hand, competent to write in authoritative fashion. Yet, strangely enough, the least satisfying pages in his last book are those devoted to the penultimate stage of our war with Germany. The temper of the chapter is announced by its title: 'The Triumph of the Fifth Army.' Even as a piece of special pleading it is ineffective. Had the promised enquiry into the battle of March, 1918, ever been held, General Gough would probably have appeared as a badly used leader, but the case for him is rather damaged than furthered when counsel resorts to disparagement of a more successful commander and his formation. Lord Birkenhead, while quite correctly stating that Byng's front was more strongly manned than Gough's, did not mention that the thickest enemy concentration was against the former. Again, while carefully enumerating every yard given by the Third Army on its right, he wrote no word of its iron defence against Bülow's blows upon its left. The references to errors and omissions on the retreat are made in the same spirit of intemperate advocacy. We are reminded that certain bridges were left intact in the Third Army area, whereas we are told that "practically all" were destroyed by the Fifth Army during its retirement. "Practically all" is a most misleading phrase, for, by itself, failure to blow up the Peronne railway bridge was a calamity of the first magnitude.

As some proofs of this volume were never finally corrected by the author, it is, of course, possible that, had death not prevented their revision, he would, without abandoning his brief for Gough, have considerably amended it. Elsewhere is abundant evidence of a mind not merely ingenious and acute, but frequently judicious. The essay on King John's reign is particularly wise, though it ought not, perhaps, to have been entitled 'Magna Carta.' Lord Birkenhead's reduction of that "palladium of liberty" to proper proportion as "an incredibly limited document" is for all future historians to observe. John's defeat at Bouvines was, indeed, a turning point in history, since it meant permanent divorce between continent and island, for, though later English monarchs held great French possessions, they ruled beyond the Channel as alien conquerors of the soil, not as natural lords and masters of the people. The Runnymede incident was also a turning point, though in a very different sense from any imagined by a Hallam or a Green. It was, as Lord Birkenhead saw, the victory which set in power the class destined to dominate the country, save for brief intervals, till 1832.

An otherwise balanced chapter on the Reformation is marred by a passage suggesting that "the Teutonic races," owing to something in their blood, were bound to turn Protestant. That an individual's religion may be determined by his physical composition is a rational hypothesis. Its extension to a race would be dangerous; to a nation, utterly illogical. Lord Birkenhead must have been aware that division of Europe into England, France, Germany, and so forth takes little or no account of racial lines; but his swift dismissal of historic facts as trivialities beside his corpuscular theory is not for serious discussion. Except by way of challenge he might have allowed that Anne Boleyn played a part in driving the Pope out of England. And, having so far capitulated, he could have added that Catholicism owed its second lease of life in France to the Parisian

merchants' desire for tranquil trading after the disturbances of civil strife.

Nowhere, however, is Lord Birkenhead's perspicacity more notable than where at first glance he seems fantastic. Thus, selection of the capture of Jerusalem by Titus as an event of vast moment looks to be capricious, for in Rome's crowded annals the thing is simply a nine days' wonder. Only, as it loosed Jewry on the world, its consequences to humanity can scarcely be exaggerated to-day.

D. WILLOUGHBY

## A STUDY OF FAILURE

*The Two Carlyles.* By Osbert Burdett. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

PEOPLE may stop reading Carlyle but they will continue to write books about Carlyles. Their marital relations accidentally made one of the great *crucis* in English biography, as witness Waldo Dunn's fine study last year of the Froudian controversy. Mr. Burdett has written a non-controversial book full of the fine texture which he devoted to Coventry Patmore and Patmore's domestic angel. Perhaps Carlyle's angel would have been more angelic had he not been so morbid a devil. But no pitiful wedding tale ever unravelled by contending lawyers in the Divorce Court revealed such detailed agony as that of the two Carlyles. It would often have seemed a relief if one had killed the other or committed suicide.

Mr. Burdett adopts for his motto the word of Lancelot Andrewes, saying that "in the holy tongue the word which signifieth life is of the dual number." No doubt, but the Hebrew was thinking of child-bearing married life—not of the life of letters, wherein grim solitude befitted such a genius as Carlyle. The Carlyles could not share normal married life. There could be no children between this razor-like wife and her granitic lord—but only soul-splitting scratches and bluntings in a household "which managed to survive for forty chequered years." These are Mr. Burdett's concluding words. His first phrase is "the unlikely lovers."

Jane Welsh Carlyle, with her early Euclid and Latin, was star-marked. Her tutor was Edward Irving and he brought Carlyle to her. Mr. Burdett judges that she "must have been the first lady in her century to swear by post." Certainly her voice was to be an early echo of that unfeminine strain which was heard in Mrs. Besant or read in George Eliot, or even acted in Ibsen's 'Nora.' He introduces Carlyle in an epigram. "He suffered from genius as gentlemen suffer from gout." Later he tries to define him and his words will pass—"a Calvinist with a difference or, if this be thought too strict a definition, an evangelical with doubts." When, thanks to Gibbon, he rid himself of Christianity and bad theology, "it was hard that Fate should now send dyspepsia to gnaw him, with doubt gone." The doubt intended was not doubt in Christianity but doubt in himself. The Universe was made spectral but beatific vision to him in the guise of "a cosmic but mechanical corpse." Sometimes he treated Jane Welsh Carlyle like a "mechanical corpse"—at least until she died. Then he was overwhelmed with human pity and remorse. He had so long deferred buying her the promised brougham to drive in that it came rather as a preliminary vehicle in her funeral cortège. Mr. Burdett says that "he was a moth to her candle as in her turn she felt herself to be a candle to his rising star." This was true, save that the moth did not singe its wings and that the rising star fell like an aerolite and crushed the candle eventually.

The chapter entitled 'A Comedy of Courtship' is a sane and brilliant addition to the literature of marriage. There is more of Burdett than Carlyle in it and it is accordingly the more readable. Jane Welsh was raised to standards of genius and determined to marry into

genius. "She was intelligent enough to realize that genius can hardly be called a personal advantage. It is far more often a crushing weight, a tragic destiny." The tragic destiny in the Carlyle marriage is epitomized in a sentence: "All husbands are children to their wives, but no husband can fill the place of children."

Mr. Burdett thinks that she hoped "the clay in him would melt, the granite mellow." Clay may soften but granite does not mellow. It only cracks and crumbles. Afterwards, "like many a stricken widower, he saw his wife with the original vision of his lover's days." He was not unique, for in addressing his "late espoused saint" with tears of agony he placed himself with Rossetti and Coventry Patmore, who with finer grief cannot have bewailed a finer nature than Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Mr. Burdett reckons 1834 as the turning-point. The absurd but gifted pair entered London. Two events immediately stand out. The impecunious Mrs. Leigh Hunt borrowed a fender. Mill borrowed the MS. of 'The French Revolution' and his housemaid burnt it by accident. There is another version that Mrs. Mill burnt it through literary jealousy. Mrs. Carlyle sat down to the work of secretary, but no occupation "could fill a heart that Nature had intended to be a mother's." She would have liked to be a fruitful vine. She became a cellarage for Carlyle's gall and vinegar; a pen-wiper and a cupboard of ink bottles. The burning of the MS. is well told. It was a knock-down blow from Fate and hundreds of authors have learnt to preserve duplicates of their work in consequence. But "Carlyle's peace of mind over his work was never the same again." However, it was rewritten from the egg—in itself a prodigy of mental torture to the unhappy author, who may have contented himself that he could not have written a better one than his second version. 'The French Revolution' was like Wagnerian music put through the bagpipes, motifs and all. As Mr. Burdett says, "The tattered prose of his book resembles the march of the women of Paris to Versailles."

The genius of Carlyle was two-headed, like Janus. The pen which could unshape the shapeless French mob could cut the stern and rigid colossus of the German king. As Mr. Burdett points out, the French Revolution was a possible subject for the "thirties," but as England and Germany approached each other, the Time spirit called upon him to sing the Teutonic gospel. He had shown himself a magician in portraying the French chaos. "We now need his like for Bolshevik Russia," observes Mr. Burdett, whose asides are often better reading than his argumentation. Later he tells us that "genius is the gaiety of life." Carlyle's genius was of the unhappiest but based on "underlying gaiety." This does not tell us more than that he ran hot and cold equally tempestuously. If the "underlying gaiety" had prevailed Carlyle would have developed into a Chesterton. Carlyle sought heroes as struggling as himself. Incidentally "the hypochondria in Johnson and in Cromwell appeal to him as reflections of his own." Mr. Burdett sees "something of Carlyle's bewilderment in Rodin's *Penseur*." He groped for strong strugglers like himself. He anchored himself in Cromwell and he clung to the clay feet of Frederick—Cromwell, who cared for no rubrics save those on his reddened sword; who like Carlyle would also have refused the Grand Cross of the Bath as a bauble. And all the time that he was building his gross idol of Frederick, he was living the strained life with Mrs. Carlyle. Sometimes we are reminded of the bitter irony which underlies George Meredith's 'Modern Love.' Mr. Burdett put it well: "If they had been less fond of one another, they would both have been spared a great deal."

Carlyle moving against "the Nightmare of Frederick" was like Napoleon moving his legions against Moscow. It nearly killed him. It nearly drove

Mrs. Carlyle insane. Not only had he become a Jeremiah, but she had become a Jeremiah's wife. Mrs. Carlyle's very unselfishness caused trouble, for it is often the way that two selfish people make a happier marriage than one which demands a martyr. The 'Life of Frederick the Great' he called "the unutterable book." It proved to be the unreadable book as well. It has been read clean through by as many readers as have achieved reading the 'Faerie Queene.' It is the work of a Prometheus turned novelist, chained to his desk and gnawed in the lion by the eagle of historical accuracy. Carlyle's lion, we are told, was a particularly bilious one.

And all the while that Frederick was mounting volume by volume, Mrs. Carlyle was dying. The house was crowded with doctors and nurses. An unlucky nun was called in as a night nurse. At three in the morning the bell was violently rung. The nun had offered ghostly consolations, which Carlyle politely compared to "poisoned gingerbread"—like so many of his fierce phrases an unconscious description of some of his own writing. Then "a male magnetiser" was tried and finally the cure-all of the healing sea. But the last volume of Frederick was coming, and when it came Mrs. Carlyle had no longer reason to live. Carlyle's 'Cromwell' was "a piece of original editing." "Innocuous but charming" was the 'Life of Sterling.' Frederick was the Great Work. Triumphant force was personified and projected across the eighteenth century. It was the literary apotheosis which the Hohenzollerns sought, and was rewarded by the Prussian Order of Merit. In view of the late war Mr. Burdett "does not want to press the point offensively." But why not make the point, since within fifty years England will need a similar Teutonic hero to dragoon her out of her morass?

Apologetics follow. Carlyle was more faithful to his conception of Frederick than to historical truth. The man of genius scaled down and "did not overcome the world, but was corroded by it." He failed to choose a hero with the sublime note of failure. He should have chosen Napoleon. He chose the Barabbas of statecraft and wrote: "the monster-history of his declension." Still there were "masterly episodes" like the play between Frederick and Voltaire. Mr. Burdett imagines the peasant Carlyle carried to the top of an exceedingly high mountain and tempted by the thought: "If I were King." Mr. Burdett continues to be apologetic for both Carlyle and Frederick. But why? We need a Frederick again in the weltering Teutonic world and especially in the Anglo-Saxon marches. What a curious destiny that the Teutonic idea of hero-epic and of hero-king should have fallen to the Italy of Dante and Mussolini. Shakespeare gave us no epic and Cromwell declined kingship. Nevertheless to some such other in the near future we arise from a reading of Carlyle and mutter "Thy Kingdom come."

SHANE LESLIE

## A BUSYBODY IN INDIA

*An Indian Diary.* By the Hon. Edwin S. Montagu. Edited by Venetia Montagu. Heinemann. 21s.

MOST readers of this book will doubt whether it was worth publishing and whether it was wise to publish it. As is said in the preface, Mr. Montagu "wrote impulsively and on the spur of the moment." And as the diarist himself records, "I know only too well I am not easy to work with." So the result is that the reader is surfeited with a mass of momentary and irritable judgments, many of which do serious injustice to those described and reflect little credit on the diarist. Mr. Montagu wrote the diary and sent it home in batches for the information of Mr. Lloyd George. One cannot help wondering how much of it



was absorbed by the man of whom it has been said that he can read but doesn't. If Mr. Lloyd George did not read the instalments, he lost very little.

The book reveals a tragedy, both personal and national. Early in his Indian diary Mr. Montagu recorded: "I cannot go home and produce a little thing or nothing; it must be epoch-making or it is a failure; it must be the key-stone of the future history of India." That was written in 1917. But the Montagu-Chelmsford Report and the Act of Parliament that followed it were not epoch-making. They were failures. Thirteen years after those words were written the Simon Report condemned much of the 1919 reform scheme and in particular denounced the whole Montagu idea of periodical commissions of enquiry into Indian politics. Mr. Montagu died a disappointed man. The disappointments would have been far greater had he lived.

But the national failure is vastly more important than that of the diarist. Mr. Montagu, despite all his enthusiasm and his love of India, never understood the problem that political accidents made him unravel. He went to India with the firm, but hopelessly mistaken, notion that political reform was India's greatest need. He rated the Indian Civil Service for not realizing that they must transform themselves from administrators into politicians. He congratulated the European Association "upon their entry into politics." In Madras he could see in the non-Brahmins only "a party, a religious party, it is true, but a party"; and so on. The writer of the latest *Life of Lord John Russell* has said that to-day politics count less than they did. Would that he were right! The curse of to-day is that people are coming more and more to rely upon political action instead of upon individual effort and voluntary co-operation. This, too, is India's curse and Mr. Montagu was largely responsible.

Although Mr. Montagu admitted in his diary that Indian politicians "have run generations away from the rest of India," he none the less believed that for progress in India intensified politics were essential. The Report spoke, in paragraph 144, of "the faith that is in us" as an excuse for deliberately stirring up the masses of India into political action. It was just this faith that prevented Mr. Montagu from understanding India's needs. He never realized the problem caused by an increasing population in a country where a warped religion prevents proper farming and stock-breeding, encourages insanitary living conditions and wholesale begging and so on.

In passages which shock good taste Mr. Montagu criticized Lord Pentland, then Governor of Madras. But Lord Pentland said to him the wisest words reported in this diary: "He told me that he believed we ought not to talk politics to these people at all; we ought to play with them, humour them on politics and discuss with them industrial development, education and social reform." No wonder that later on Lord Pentland said to Mr. Montagu: "I think everything you suggest is wrong." No wonder also that Mr. Montagu thought Lord Pentland unfit for his post.

This diary shows how utterly Mr. Montagu was obsessed with preconceived ideas. "Are we to accept the policy that you lay down, or tell you what we think you ought to do?" asked Lord Pentland of Mr. Montagu. Almost every page of this book justifies the suggestion underlying the question. Mr. Montagu came to preach and convert, not to learn. Already on the ship that took him to Bombay Mr. Montagu recorded that "we have the foundation of a very fairly satisfactory scheme to work upon." At Bombay he recorded with smug pride: "I am alone, alone, alone the person that has got to carry this thing through." The party arrived at Bombay on November 10 and on November 14 Mr. Montagu recorded that a prominent official "likes my scheme" and so on right through the diary. There were

approval and high rewards for those who swallowed the Montagu scheme. The Provincial Governments and the Government of India were bullied into acceptance. Lord Chelmsford was praised when he approved the scheme and criticized when he objected. The result of all this was a reform scheme that would not work and which broke the heart of those who had to try to administer it.

The best parts of the diary are the frequent references to the formalities and ceremonial with which the business of the touring Secretary of State had to be conducted. One begins to like this narrow-minded politician when he frets at the method by which deputations were received and at the wide gulf that was, and still is, maintained between rulers and ruled. But he could not see that the origin of this lay in India's own caste system, the system that all the Brahmin politicians are so keen on defending and which must prove a more and more serious curse to India as self-government increases. Mr. Montagu is interesting, too, on the position of the Viceroy. He saw and recorded the drawbacks of combining a position of semi-royalty with that of Prime Minister. He saw, also, the need for a tribunal to settle the grievances of the Indian States. But on neither question did he achieve anything.

After reading this pathetic book the thought uppermost in my mind is that India to-day would be far happier and more contented if, instead of a hide-bound Radical politician, a man like Lord Zetland had been sent to India in 1917; and in 1929 also; but that is another tale.

CYRIL MARTIN

## BEHIND THE SCENES OF PEPYS

*Pepys: His Life and Character.* By John Drinkwater. Heinemann. 21s.

IN spite of seeming an absurd pun, there is a Pepys behind the scenes in all of us. The Diarist has made his reputation partly by being in himself the greatest common measure of average decent humanity, and mainly by describing himself with a frankness so detailed and so unabashed that genius is the only adequate term for it. In our private thoughts, most of us, too, can be wholly unashamed, and, if there could be an unwritten record of our thoughts, it would not differ, in spirit or in candour, from the record left by Pepys in his private cipher. This, however, is not enough to explain the exquisite pleasure that the Diary has given to its delighted and indulgent readers, for it is equally true that people are shocked more often by the mention or admission of evil than by evil deeds. For example, a young man may incur less censure by going with a woman of the streets than the thinkers have incurred who declare that the purity of the home is supported by the pillar of prostitution. The act that sustains the assertion is merely deplored; the assertion itself is felt to be extremely shocking. How, then, has Pepys escaped the odium that attaches to those who blurt out things the concealment of which is felt to be essential to public, and even to private, decorum? He has escaped by concerning himself with personal details only—for Pepys was a keenly observant, but not a reflective, man; and thus he has enabled his readers to feel enormously flattered by providing them, vicariously, with a feast of candour in which they are really excusing themselves when they appear to be indulgent to him. Pepys is the confessor of all mankind. We all feel absolved while we read him. He admits everything which we conceal, and he makes us believe that, if we dared to be equally candid, posterity would be equally indulgent to our own weaknesses.

Mr. Drinkwater is alive to the interest of the relation between Pepys and his readers, and has some pregnant

remarks upon the matter; but his merit is to have produced a book that supplements the Diary, fishes from the Diary, and yet makes us understand the Diary better. The Diary only covers a decade in Pepys's life. The excellent administrator at the Navy Board does not figure in its pages, nor can the better sort of reader be content to know nothing of the antecedent and subsequent years of Pepys's life. A great work upon the whole subject has long been in preparation by Dr. Tanner, on whose already published writings Mr. Drinkwater has drawn; but between the last word of scholarship and the Diary itself there is ample room for such a conspectus as this. In Mr. Drinkwater's pages, we have a portrait in the round wherein the young man with his way to make, the husband, the busybody, the admirable public servant, the humane man who, when his active work was cut short, found ample compensations in his leisurely retirement, are impartially presented. There is a point worth notice in the style of this book. Pepys, I have always thought, was a master (not recognized enough) of homely prose: the sort of prose that is rarely possible to any educated person. He and Mr. W. H. Davies (in the latter's 'Autobiography,' still more in that neglected but exquisite book entitled 'Nature') always remind me of one another. One of the charms of Mr. Drinkwater's writing in this book is that he shows a Pepysian saturation. The frequent quotations from the Diary do not look like a patchwork. The spirit of discipleship, not of imitation, has worked this pleasant accommodation.

We need not lament that, outside the Diary, biographical materials are slight, for the vacant years enable the broader lines of work and character to balance the intimacy of the details in Pepys's domestic record. If the Diary had covered two decades, it would be harder even than it is now to realize what Pepys was like when he was not unbuttoned. I have called him an average specimen of decent humanity, but this must not be taken to imply that Pepys was not greedy, not avaricious, full of jealousy and suspicion, mean at times in his dealings, mean still more often in his thoughts. We must remember, however, that many of these defects could scarcely have been known to other people, and thus, without blinking them, we may assume them not to be improbable in other people who are, to all appearance, as excellent men as he. At the same time, the sniggering reader would do well to ponder Mr. Drinkwater's incisive criticism:

We are sometimes told that Pepys is such attractive company because not only does he entertain us with inimitable gossip, but because also we recognize in him our own amiable weaknesses. The estimate is wrong in its reckoning. Pepys was not a man of amiable weaknesses. Certainly, if to like pretty girls and good drink be a weakness, most men are very weak creatures, and Pepys was as weak as any. . . . The real weaknesses that Pepys reveals to us are of a much graver, more deeply rooted nature, and anything but amiable. He sets them down in a demure and racy idiom that may easily deceive us. . . . They were serious. The dark squalls of temper, the angry suspicions, the meannesses, the ugly satisfaction when a responsibility is ended by death, or a rival comes to misfortune, the deceptions and the cunning, the opportunism and the vanity, these are the troubled elements in a man of courage and integrity.

That is splendid criticism. To say, still, that Pepys was an average specimen of decent humanity is not to take a cynical view of life. It is, simply, to believe in original sin: the clue to much. Mr. Drinkwater knows his man; and his book is distinguished in the literature of Pepys by being the work of one who not only admires the Diarist, but actually realizes what he is admiring. Pepys, like Petronius, only too often falls into the wrong hands; and, even without his Diary, Pepys was, like the rest of us, an original sinner.

OSBERT BURDETT

## THE CHURCH OF TO-DAY

*The Church of To-day.* By P. Gardner-Smith, F. C. Burkitt and C. E. Raven. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THERE are those who deplore the close connexion which at present subsists between the Church of England and the older Universities; we are told that the arrangement is an anachronism, and infects our higher education with a medieval and monastic taint. But whether the arrangement is or is not good for the Universities, it is certainly a very good thing for the Church, which is thereby preserved from complete cultural isolation, and kept in touch with scholarship and learning, and the modern critical outlook. The volume before us, which is the third of a very useful series, emanates from Cambridge, and is characteristic of the present liberal theological outlook of that University, which contrasts rather strongly in this respect with its sister University of Oxford.

The writer of the first of the three sections of this book, entitled 'The Church's Faith,' would probably repudiate the still unpopular appellation of Modernist, but there is the less need to quarrel about names, since the substance of his chapters is modern enough, and good wine needs no bush. Of the Gospels we read that, "The narratives are not always consistent, and in some respects they betray the growth of legend" (p. 76). And apropos of certain statements in the creeds, Mr. Gardner-Smith writes, "We cannot be sure when or where our Lord was born, or of the precise manner in which His disciples became convinced of His resurrection. That does not matter. It does matter that the creeds are broadly right in their account of His Person, that He has revealed to us the character of God, that He has overcome death, and that He still lives to make intercession for us. . . . When we use the creeds it is our faith in facts which we declare, and we are not necessarily bound to particular views as to historical events concerning which there is room for diversity of opinion. . . . The precise manner in which our Lord's divinity was manifested in His lifetime is a question for the historical critic, and the exact meaning of 'divinity' is a question for the theologian and the philosopher" (pp. 77, 79).

This is all right, but it strikes us as a little too subtle for the minds of the young people in the upper forms of schools for whom the book is intended (p. xi). They would probably want to know why we should trouble to repeat statements about historical events which are probably not true, and in any case (on Mr. Gardner-Smith's showing) are irrelevant. Why not cut it all out? It only makes for insincerity. To be sure, Mr. Gardner-Smith tells us that, "The days of creed-making are past, and in loyalty to the Church we have no choice but to use the words hallowed by centuries." But there is a third choice, all the same. If we are too uncreative or too cowardly to have a shot at a new creed, why not be contented to use no creed at all? It is because loyalty to the Church seems to involve so much prevarication, that our younger generation is inclined to wash its hands of the whole business. Moreover, to hand over the word "divinity" to the philosopher and theologian will not help us much unless these experts will tell us in plain terms what the word does mean. What is the use of telling us that we can apply the word "divine" to Jesus with a clear conscience, because after all no one has any idea what the adjective means? It may mean anything or nothing. But why trouble to use words unless they convey a clear meaning? This is really the trouble with theology; it attaches such enormous importance to words that it leaves realities to look after themselves. What is a word, anyhow? Everyone knows that a political party which banks on a few phrases and slogans is intellectually bankrupt; and does not the same principle apply



in the case of a Church? Is this all that Cambridge can offer to the thirsty soul of modern youth?

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Professor Burkitt's and Canon Raven's contributions to this book. The former treats Christian worship with the masterly hand of an expert, and his contribution is a pleasure to read. Canon Raven, on 'The Church's Task in the World,' is stimulating: and what he says will be read eagerly by the idealistic youth of to-day.

J. C. HARDWICK

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

*Mary Baker Eddy.* By Lyman P. Powell. Nisbet. £1.

A QUARTER of a century ago—thirty years after the first edition of 'Science and Health' had been published—the then Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Northampton, Mass., who had for long been considering Christian Science and the effects of its teaching, observed, "Every day my conviction deepens that God has called Christian Science to do a work of more significance than can possibly be foreseen." Here was reason enough to continue his close observation of a religious movement, spreading with astonishing rapidity, out from this new England centre into the uttermost parts of the earth.

As the years went on, he found himself increasingly amazed, "that no presentation, substantial and satisfying to the general public, was in print, touching a woman who had a record to her credit of more extraordinary and benignant things in life than any other woman in the history of the world." By 1929, Dr. Powell was more than ever convinced of the need of a trustworthy life of Mrs. Eddy, by one having access to the now abundant sources of information, under the care of the Directors of the Mother Church in Boston, Mass., since much in the name of authenticity was being given to the public, untrue both in fact and interpretation. He had supposed that such a book would be written by a Christian Scientist, but when the invitation came to him to write it, he did not refuse.

No pledge was asked of him and he gave none. "Nothing has been withheld to which he sought access. By day as well as night he has come and gone as suited his convenience in the errands of research."

The labour was gigantic. Thousands of letters to members of Mrs. Eddy's family, to friends, students all over the world were read; the earliest and later editions of her books were studied, bearing witness to "the originality and orderly development of her thinking"; his own correspondence and interviews with those who had known her were collected and compared. Of the latter evidence Dr. Powell observes, "Yet without collusion, often indeed never having met or corresponded, their testimony is substantially free from contradictions."

The author deals faithfully and adequately with the merely historical side of Mrs. Eddy's career, the early years, her first and second marriage, her meetings with Quimby and that period of poverty and persecution when Christian Science was as yet only acknowledged, and then often precariously, by a handful of people in the little town of Lynn. Of Quimby, Dr. Powell writes that while he confirmed and deepened her conviction, held since 1844, that there is a spiritual power available to heal disease, his enthusiastic disciple "overrated his method and underrated the efficacy of her own abounding faith." And later on, he declares: "she discovered Christian Science in a larger sense than ever Columbus discovered America. Hers was no peep at a new world, then scuttling back to the old. Hers was that real discovery which consists of finding an age-old truth, settling in it, sharing it with others and making the

most of it for the redemption of the world from sickness, sin and death."

In the early days of the movement while she took patients, taught students, and wrote continuous advice to those far from her, organized and reorganized her Church, launched and wrote for her own and for other periodicals, the revision of 'Science and Health' went steadily on. With it, to a great extent in later years, must be bracketed the compiling of the Manual with its by-laws for the guidance of the Mother Church and Branch Churches.

The author sees blessing for the whole race in Christian Science, and he desires that neither prejudice nor misrepresentation shall hinder men from finding it. A final word of praise must be given to the admirable way in which the book has been printed, to the number of interesting photographs, and to the valuable notes.

## A TRAGIC BOURBON

*The Adorable Duchess.* By Armand Praviel. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

ENTHUSIASM which has outlived its period tends to make a depressing chronicle. Armand Praviel's biographical study of Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berrie, albeit brightly and graciously written, visits one with the kind of melancholy which attaches to the thought of a living flower thrown away in a bunch of its withered fellows.

The times, and perhaps the country, were against her. Given the seventeenth century and Britain, what might not her romantic spirit have accomplished! But there was the blood-weariness of post-Napoleon France; there was, too, that obdurate practicality which teases in and out of the Latin character. "There



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is but the throne or the scaffold!" said Charles X to Talleyrand, in the crisis of 1830. "Sire, there is still the post-chaise," replied the veteran diplomat, with his mind on the crowned fugitives of the Hundred Days. Marie Caroline's mentality was anti-post-chaise. She was gallant, impetuous, colourful, this sprig of Neapolitan royalty, "one and a half metres tall"; she had a little son who might any day become Henri V, and she so dearly wanted to be Regent! She was for raising the Vendée. In great coat and wide trousers, with pistols in her belt, she invaded her royal father-in-law's presence. "One fine gesture, one romantic decision, might change the face of destiny!" She was told to take off "this costume of a Walter Scott heroine." A second effort, minus comic opera, likewise failed to override the "maniacal prudence of old men." It may have been that the Vendée was not to be raised any more. Any way, the day was certainly past when the captain of a ship-of-state went down with his vessel.

"Little Peter" of the woods of Bocage—prisoner of Blaye—the crumpled-up old grandmother of mournful Brünsee: in the end it was all so different from what had been expected for her when, as a light-haired, laughing, eighteen-year-old bride, she had put aside her Sicilian insignificance for a place on the steps of the throne of France.

Armand Praviel puts it all before us sensitively though simply. In contrast to the fashionable practice, the life-story which is at the mercy of his pen receives quarter; and the gain to his pages in grace is difficult to over-estimate.

EILEEN HEWITT

## CHINESE POLITICAL SCIENCE

*History of Chinese Political Thought.* By Liang Chi-Chao. Kegan Paul. 15s.

THIS is one of those very rare books of which it can truthfully be said that the learned world has hitherto been waiting for them. The author, whose career was unhappily cut short by death only eighteen months ago, has shown very clearly in a volume of some two hundred pages exactly what are the principles that for nearly three thousand years have guided the various schools of political thought in China, and also what lessons they contain for those who are striving to solve Chinese problems to-day. In short, this is a book whose contents must first be mastered before any man can boast himself an authority on the Far East.

The great thinkers with whom the author deals lived between the sixth and the third centuries, B.C., and were therefore, curiously enough, some of them contemporary with Plato and Aristotle. The early Ts'in Period, although an age of political unrest in some ways comparable with the present, was essentially a formative one in Chinese thought, and men such as Confucius, Motze, and Mencius directed it into channels along which it has ever since continued to flow. Indeed, it is at once the strength and weakness of modern China that it is necessary to go so far back in her history to reach the principles upon which her political science is based.

In this present work chapters are devoted to the different schools, and their respective standpoints are carefully explained, often with the most illuminating illustrations from more recent history. The author describes the Taoists as the extreme Left, with their belief in the ideal of absolute freedom and their rejection of all forms of State interference as unnecessary. Next he places the Confucians, to whom the ethical basis of politics is all-important, and who would therefore have the State take heed of the physical and spiritual well-being of the people. Then comes the Motze School, which he terms the Right Centre, with its denial of human discrimination and therefore

of absolute freedom, and between which and Hobbes he makes an exceedingly apt comparison. Last of all, on the extreme Right, are to be found the Legalists, who would exalt the power of the State at the expense of the liberty of the individual. All these schools of thought are carefully examined, and the result can only be a total revaluation of Oriental political philosophy by Western students.

The European reader will not, however, fail to remark one fundamental weakness of Chinese political thought, and it is that it has always remained upon a purely ethical plane. Not one of the great thinkers with whom the present writer is concerned wrote, or could have written, such a work as Aristotle's 'Politics,' and for their application the theories of the various schools depended upon ethical sanctions alone. If the Emperor were minded to be guided by them, all was well; but if such were not the case, there was no means of compelling him, for they all presupposed a philosopher-king. Nothing resembling Roman Law ever grew out of Chinese philosophy, and so the nation became one with a most elaborate code of ethics, but with no other protection, for the Emperors governed by a series of summary instructions to executive officers which had no foundation in unvarying rights.

The author quite obviously realizes this weakness, but he does not hesitate to declare his belief that China can only develop along her own lines. He scornfully alludes to the failure of the attempt which his fellow-countrymen have made during the past twenty years to transplant the political institutions of Europe. He would have them rather seek the reconstruction of China in the retention of the proper elements of her old social heritage: that is to say, by a constructive effort rather than by imitation of foreign methods. In this he is undoubtedly right, and his breadth of vision will make the reader realize how great a loss China sustained in Liang Chi-Chao's premature death.

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## A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES

*Behind the Scenes in Many Wars.* By Lieut-General Sir George MacMunn. Murray. 15s.

SIR GEORGE MACMUNN'S book is interesting and fascinating because the author knows the inner history of most of the military events which have taken place during the last forty years and because he has had the capacity to understand and to record very frankly and fairly the real meaning of affairs which he has seen or shared in. Born of a family which had served the country for generations and brought up in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the General joined the Royal Artillery in the year 1888. He has served close on thirty years in the East, he went through all or the greater part of the South African War, and he was present during the most critical phases of the Dardanelles operations. Later he took part in the Mesopotamian campaign, became Commander-in-Chief there, and was the first peace Quartermaster-General in India.

Such a career is, indeed, an interesting vista to look back upon. But the real charm of the book lies in its modesty and in its sense of humour. Thus, while Sir George MacMunn was largely responsible for several of the most successful episodes of the war, he is never egotistical, and he displays no malicious or spiteful feelings. Moreover, the book is full of delightful stories and reminiscences which brighten up what might otherwise have been an almost too military story. Frau Cronje reached Modder River grasping a teapot and looking as if she sold star-lights beneath the Adelphi arches; some of the Thames penny steamers, sent out for use in Iraq, arrived still smelling of stale bathbuns; and, on one occasion, the General was compelled to tell the Matron-in-Chief in Mesopotamia that he had not enough creeks in which an extra hundred nurses could enjoy themselves

with officer companions. Finally, even if the author is obliged to travel over some old ground, he succeeds in producing a great deal of information quite new to the ordinary reader.

The most interesting sections of the volume are, naturally, those devoted to the Gallipoli and the Iraq campaigns and, in each case, the writer depicts the difficulties perhaps more vividly than they have ever been depicted before. He reached Mudros two or three weeks before the Suvla Bay landing of August, 1915; he says that the army in general is convinced that the attempt to force the Straits was the most damnable folly ever undertaken by amateurs, and he rightly considers that, had there been a General Staff at the War Office in the proper sense of the word, the expedition would never have been undertaken at all or would have been carried out in a very different manner.

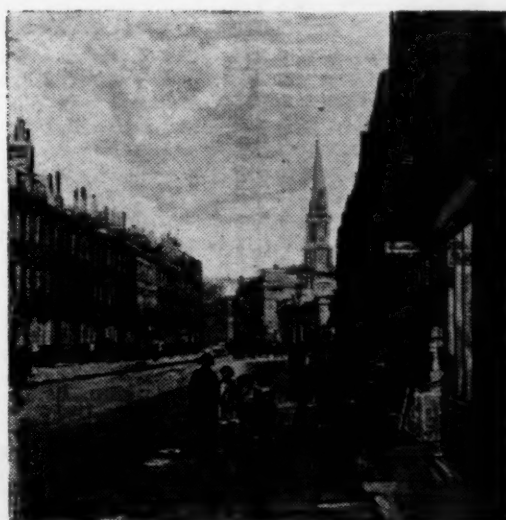
Nearly all the water used by the force came from England or Egypt all the time; the scandal over the medical arrangements connected with the first landings was mainly due to the Staff's failure to gauge the probable casualties, and in the great blizzard, which occurred shortly before the evacuation, nearly 300 British soldiers were frozen to death where they stood and 16,000 men had to be withdrawn as a result of frost-bite or exposure. The final evacuation, the details for which were largely worked out by the author, was a marvel of precision and efficiency. Carried out in carefully arranged stages, the Turks were completely deceived by devices which the General describes; for the first time the weather favoured the British cause, and, though the Cabinet would not agree to the evacuation of the entire Peninsula at the same time, the whole operation was a complete success. "So ended the Great Adventure which might better be called the Great Folly."

After a short time in Egypt Sir George MacMunn went to Iraq as Inspector-General of Communications.

## LEGGATT BROTHERS



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He arrived there ten days before the fall of Kut in April, 1916; he tells us of the difficulties of transport by land and water, and he travelled 25,000 miles on the Tigris and Euphrates in three years. The author was one of the party in Baghdad when General Maude alone took milk in his coffee, immediately after which he died from cholera; it is thought unlikely that the Commander was deliberately poisoned. He was the supreme military, and therefore civil, authority in Iraq during the year which followed the armistice.

A limited number of excellent illustrations and adequate maps add value to a book which must increase Sir George MacMunn's already existing military and literary reputation.

H. CHARLES WOODS

### A PRUSSIAN IN ASIA

*Oriental Memories of a German Diplomatist.* By Friedrich Rosen. Methuen. 15s.

BORN in Jerusalem, where his father was Prussian Consul in the days of King Frederick William the Fourth, Dr. Rosen was a diplomatist of no ordinary type. He spoke Arabic and Persian with such ease and correctness of idiom and pronunciation that he was able to penetrate in disguise the most jealously guarded holy places where no European had ever been and where detection would have meant instant death. The description of his visit, disguised as a Persian, to the much venerated shrine of Shah Abdul Azim in Teheran reads like fiction, the astonishing part of the story being that his guide and the instigator of the escapade was no other than the Master of the Ceremonies at the Persian Court, Tahir-ud-Daula, the son-in-law of the Shah himself. His height and generally European appearance it was impossible adequately to disguise, and when well within the closely guarded precincts he was perturbed to find a group of dervishes, reading aloud the Koran, regarding him so curiously that they appeared to be about to interrupt their reading and accost him. But the Master of the Ceremonies was equal to the occasion and whispered to him the one word "Speak." As soon as the Koran readers heard his fluent and perfect Persian their suspicions faded and all was well.

Dr. Rosen, as he states, has endeavoured in writing this record of days long past to forget the war that has intervened and to give a picture of things as they were, unbiased by the unfortunate turn of later events. "I felt," he writes discerningly of Germany's position before the war, "that much of the impression she produced was brilliant more in appearance than in reality." Everywhere he worked on cordial terms with his English colleagues. Well-known names, both English and German, crowd his pages. Of Sir Frank Lascelles, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Charles (Lord) Hardinge, Lord Curzon, Sir Arthur Nicholson, Sir Mortimer Durand, the Kaiser, Bismarck, Caprivi there are interesting glimpses. Bismarck, broken and old, but indomitable still, is seen making his dramatic exit from Berlin after his dismissal in March 1890—a dismissal of which Dr. Rosen did not share the almost universal opinion at the time that it was a political mistake on the part of the Kaiser. Cecil Rhodes arrives for his first audience with the Kaiser dressed in "a yellowish-brown lounge suit with a scarlet tie." The imperturbability of the Persian is well illustrated by the countryman who refused to be impressed by his first use of the newly arrived telegraph which he described as merely "a very long greyhound whom you pinch at the tail and who barks at the head." Karim Khan, Persia's great man, orders the ink to be washed off a too fulsomely worded address and the writer of the words to drink it, or in softer mood provides musicians to play to the workmen as they rebuilt

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his beautiful city of Shiraz so that they might be cheerful at their work and give of their best in their workmanship.

A British Minister's wife in Teheran objected to the Shah's custom of presenting each of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps with money in the shape of a gold coin at the New Year reception and refused to attend unless a promise was given that no money should be presented to her. The Shah was annoyed but gave way. However, on the lady being introduced to him he said that he would like to present his portrait to her as a New Year's gift if she would accept it. Unsuspecting, she expressed her pleasure at His Majesty's kind thought, whereupon the Shah, to her chagrin, at once presented her with a gold toman bearing his effigy.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Baber.* Par Fernand Grenard. Firmin-Didot. 15 fcs.

THIS concise and readable work is to be welcomed. M. Grenard is obviously an authority on his subject, and he has produced an extremely workmanlike study of the first of the Great Moguls. Baber, who was only forty-seven when he died, after the most adventurous of careers, has been neglected by historians for his still greater grandson, Akbar, and it is to be hoped that this book will do something to redress the balance. The author shows how the empire which Baber founded in India forms the framework of the British Raj to-day, and he has much to say about the unchanging Indian conditions that is of permanent value. He also possesses the happy knack of making the man himself live, while the illustrations are worthy of the text. The past of India receives too little attention, and its present a little too much, and such works as this are extremely valuable in showing how completely the one is embedded in the other.

*War Books.* By Cyril Falls. Davies. 10s. 6d.

MR. FALLS has made a praiseworthy attempt to meet the need for a *catalogue raisonné* of the literature of the Great War. By far the best sections are those covering history and personal reminiscences. The most striking omissions are works published while the compiler was on active service, such as Miss Sinclair's 'Journal of Impressions in Belgium' and Mrs. Wharton's 'Fighting France.' Ingenuous and constrained as those books now seem, they are worth recalling for the lost spirit they enshrine. More of the polemical volumes issued at that period should also have been included. Mr. Robertson's 'War and Civilization' and Mr. Chesterton's 'Crimes of England' will make future generations understand why a pacific people became martial, and even the baser tirades have historical value. As to the notes which Mr. Falls has written, they are always shrewd and entertaining, except when he is reviewing fiction. There, for some reason or other, a touch of bigotry obtrudes. The faintness of his praise for Remarque's novel of the latrines is comprehensible, yet he himself hardly tries to justify his preference for the melodramatic pastiche of 'The Four Horsemen' to the fine realism of 'Wooden Crosses.' Indeed, by allotting two stars to books he accounts "very good" and one star to the merely "good," he has in these and several other instances shirked a critic's duty of presenting evidence before pronouncing sentence.

*The Story of Civilization Through the Ages.* By Charles Richet. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

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the story must be reduced to a mere outline. So far as it is possible to make such an outline interesting to children M. Richet has succeeded very well. Since Winwood Reade more and more attention has been paid to the need for world history, and it was inevitable that it should some time be done for children. It is doubtful whether they will be much interested in so unpicturesque a thing as an outline, or will, therefore, gain much profit from it, but at all events they have it now. M. Richet's compression is excellent. He writes rather from the French point of view, but that is a small matter. What it is of more importance to note is that he writes from the point of view of a scientist; he emphasizes the significance of the development of science, and sees in it the salvation of the human race. But what it is of most importance to note is that he writes from the point of view of a pacifist; he regards war as the greatest enemy of human progress, and does not hesitate to draw frequent morals from his narrative. The book is in fact announced as 'Bulletin No. 1 of the French "Conciliation Internationale,"' and therefore is intended to be propaganda as well as history.

*Adventures of a Man of Quality.* By the Abbé Prévost. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

DR. ROBINSON, who published two years ago the fifth volume of Prévost's 'Memoires d'un Homme de Qualité'—the part describing England, now completes her work by translating and abridging this long romance, with an Introduction on the life and writings of the author. 'Manon Lescaut,' his masterpiece, was another part of the same work. Dr. Robinson is to be congratulated on the discoveries she has made in the history of Prévost's stay in England. He first came as a fugitive monk, and became tutor and companion to the son of Sir John Eyles, his stay lasting two years, from 1728 to 1730. During this time he made a nine months' tour in the South and West of England. After a stay in the Low Countries, diversified by debts and love-affairs, he returned to England in 1733, and was arrested in December for forging a promissory note by his late pupil. He was fortunate enough to be discharged—though it was a capital charge—and finally left England in 1734. The story is a good example of the sentimental romance then coming into fashion, but it is chiefly remarkable for the accuracy of its references to England and English manners and customs.

*Domination.* By Marjorie Johnston. Murray. 12s.

TO those who like a dash of anecdote between a seadip and a round of golf these 243 pages by an 18-year-old historian may be recommended. The jaunty ease with which girlhood flings its arms round dead heroes is at all times exhilarating; and when Miss Johnston writes, apropos of the meeting between Napoleon and Alexander of Russia, "It is only a short step from hero-worship to subservience," she makes her point of view clear. The episodes chosen illustrate the aspect of domination, in Napoleon's case, from the 13th Vendémiaire to his second funeral. We do not live wholly among diplomats, generals, and princes; room is found for Goethe, David (an interesting chapter), Chateaubriand, and Georges Cadoudal. The episode of the 'Eroica' Symphony might have found a place here, as well as the remark of Cherubini; and it is a little odd, too, that one who has grasped the significance of the self-coronation, in 1804, does not remark on the difference of expression in Ingres's two portraits of the hero as First Consul and Emperor respectively. We might have been spared the disquisition on Breton folk-lore (p. 87) for this. Like Stendhal, Miss Johnston recognizes the love Napoleon had for mediocrities; but she does not, like Stendhal, attribute his fall to that weakness.

## ART

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

BY ADRIAN BURY

THE winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours does not disappoint us. Indeed, much of the best work in contemporary art is to be found in the quiet and discreet gallery at 5a Pall Mall. The strength of this society is because it demands a high standard from its members, and no one is elected who is not something of a master in this difficult medium. But there is no restriction as to style, and the charm of the exhibition as a whole is the variety in skill of the various exhibitors.

Mr. Le Hankey, who has long worked in France, has a lively impressionist manner and conveys in economic line and wash the character of fisher folk. He spends his time in markets and at quaysides studying the movement of the simple working people who live by the sea. In a happy mood he has caught a group of fishermen passing down the steps of Douarnenez. A few figures watch them from the quayside and there are houses lightly suggested in the background. The picture entitled 'Morlaix' shows how well the artist has adapted his spontaneous style to render the effect of atmosphere. The work is more tinted than painted, but the values are so cleverly balanced that the white paper alone gives a true sugges-

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tion of the cold sunlight on the streets. The seven water-colours that Mr. Lee Hankey exhibits this time are among the best things I have seen of his in this particular method.

Sir Charles Holmes can convince us that a group of factory chimneys have pictorial value, but I suspect that their beauty is in the manner of painting rather than in the matter. Sir Charles is a careful draughtsman and he knows the value of perpendicular and horizontal lines. I like the way he has superimposed the darker grey smoke on the gloomy sky, and if it is a trick to leave little white flecks of light in the broad wash, it is fully justified by the general result. He is not so successful with a picture called 'Demolition, Brussels,' which contains too much dark and uninteresting space and does not express its title.

Mr. Job Nixon, however, has found in 'Demolition near Pont Neuf' an excellent opportunity to convey the somewhat crazy "art" of the housebreaker. The tall, dilapidated buildings with their shops and various notices afford him scope for his industrious pen and pencil. If Mr. Nixon has a fault it is that he sees too much and is apt to weary us with unnecessary details as in the elaborate drawings of the Fort, Marseilles and the Louvre. A little more selection would add to the value of his unquestionable gifts. Perhaps he will escape from the tyranny of the etcher's point into the broader style he has tried in 'Fishing Nets, St. Tropez.' A combination of the two styles would enliven his technical skill.

Neither Mr. Russell Flint nor Dame Laura Knight surprises us by any new experiment. Mr. Russell Flint's 'Appeal' is a beautiful piece of figure drawing in a great waste of paper. As water-colour dexterity it allures us, but I do not see how the artist can explore this style any further. Dame Laura must also be finding her somewhat inelegant *ballerine* too simple a problem for her great ability.

Mr. Cheston is an artist who knows how to handle washes and fill his picture with that uniformity of light and colour without which no water-colour has dignity. He has attempted that old favourite among landscape painters, a view of Durham, and has succeeded. How delicate it is in tone and how lucid throughout, but Mr. Cheston has looked intelligently at more than one master.

I cannot conclude without a word of praise to Mr. Middleton Todd for his head entitled 'Alvena.' This is a brilliant little portrait, the work of a sensitive hand and a mind that can transmute the facts of anatomy into the pure gold of art. This drawing and the nude figure by the same artist are conspicuous in an exhibition containing many fine works.

#### THE FRENCH GALLERY

Mr. R. Kirkland Jamieson, who is holding an exhibition at the French Gallery, is a thoughtful painter with a strong personal style. His chief gift is for composition which, though never obviously picturesque, is full of pictorial quality. The artist is primarily a painter in the sense that he is interested more in his medium than in his subject, but whatever he attempts he assures us of his honest mind and dexterous hand. For the same originality of vision we can admire 'The Villa in the Pines' and a landscape called 'Parkland.' The foreground of the latter is most skilfully handled, the marshy grass being utilized to fill a considerable space with detail essential to the subject. Other paintings in this collection which hold our interest are 'Flatford Mill' and 'The Cornish Coast.'

Except as designs Mr. Jamieson's black-and-white sketches on rough water-colour paper have less merit. It is almost impossible to get values in such a method which has the effect of a woodcut. If we compare the trees in the drawings of 'A Cotswold Church' and 'The Mill Dam' with Mr. Jamieson's paintings, we have a lesson in the difference between impulse and concentration.

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3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
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5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 449

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, November 6)

ON THE "NANCY" BRIG, THAT FAMOUS VESSEL,  
THIS HAPLESS PAIR WITH FATE DID WRESTLE.

1. Such is my will! With that, enough is said.
2. Seen on the coffins of Egyptian dead.
3. Who does is guilty, as I think, of theft.
4. 'Twas he devoured what the locust left.
5. One who could paint your portrait twice curtail.
6. Clear as the limpid brook in yonder vale.
7. Reckless, or rash—a good mouth-filling word.
8. Behead me next a strong-billed British bird.
9. Core of an aperture's what here we need.
10. Now comes the pinch! Ye skilful solvers, heed.
11. With me my she-ass pled in language plain.
12. Twelve years o'er Israel did this miscreant reign.
13. Once more the mandate issues: *Fiat lux*.
14. Some dozen wives I boast, all perfect ducks.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 447

S	toi	C	
H	indo	O	
O		Boe	
E	we-lam	B <sup>1</sup>	1 2 Sam. xii.
L	eve	L	
E	mploye	E	
A	rbou	R	
T	relli	S	
H	ee-ha	W	
hE		At	
R	e	X	

ACROSTIC No. 447.—The winner is "Martha," Mrs. Fardell, 16 Brechin Place, S.W.7, who has selected as her prize 'As We Were: A Victorian Peep-Show,' by E. F. Benson, published by Longmans and reviewed by us on October 18. Forty other competitors named this book, nine chose 'The Annals of Covent Garden and its Neighbourhood,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, Armadale, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Clam, Dhualt, D. L., Dodo, Sir Reginald Egerton, Estela, Fossil, Gay, Lilian, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, Met, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Margaret Owen, Penny Lope, Peter, Rabbits, Rand, Shorwell, Sisypus, St. Ives, Stucco, Thotmes, Trinculo, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Boris, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Falcon, Glamis, L. W. Horton, Iago, Mrs. Lole, George W. Miller, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Rho Kappa, Shrub, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Maud Crowther, Farsdon, Raven.

Light 2 baffled 12 solvers; Light 6, 6; Lights 4 and 10, 2; Light 3, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 446.—Two Lights wrong: Maud Crowther, George W. Miller.

STUCCO.—Your ninth Light reads "Latch."

THOTMES.—Many thanks for suggestion, but it is impracticable for several reasons, one being that it would be unfair to distant solvers.

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

- C. 1930. The Season — 'Bacchanale' (Glazounov); 'Les Ruses D'Amour.' (Glazounov); Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden.
- C. 1992. 'In Memoriam'—Overture (Sullivan). New Symphony Orchestra. 2 records.
- C. 2019. 'O Man, Thy Grievous Sin Bemoan' (Bach). Westminster Abbey Special Choir. 2 records.
- D. 1866. 'Blick Ich Umher' (Wagner); 'Jerum! Jerum!' (Schusterlied—Wagner). Friedrich Schoor, Baritone.
- D. 1704. 'Le Rouet D'Omphale' (Saint-Saens). Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York.
- D. 1855. 'Khowanchina,' Persian Dances.
- D.B. 1295. 'Concerto in G Major' (Adagio). 'Sarabande and Tambourin.'
- D.B. 1443. 'Alto Rhapsody' (Brahms).

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S.R.

## THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

**A**FTER so many months of depression, it is gratifying to feel justified in expressing the opinion that at last the undertone of markets appears to be taking a decided turn for the better. It is a little difficult to explain the reason for this. The fundamental factors, which have led to stock markets being depressed for so long a period, still remain—lowness of commodity prices, world-wide industrial depression, and lack of confidence in our home political position. Perhaps the change in the tone of the Stock Exchange is attributable to the cessation of that forced liquidation which has had so devastating an effect on share values during recent months, less talk of financial troubles, and the cheapness of money coupled with Mr. Snowden's opinion expressed last week that this is likely to continue for a considerable period. Despite the slight improvement in tendency, it must not be thought that prices are likely to bound ahead. We must be satisfied to see some slight recovery, a small increase in the volume of business, and indications of returning confidence, but we must be prepared for many setbacks in prices after modest improvements.

### AUSTRALIAN LOANS

The announcement of Mr. Lang's and the Labour Party's success at the New South Wales election last week-end, while not altogether a surprise, came as a nasty shock to dealers in Australian Government securities, with the result that on Monday morning they opened at nominal quotations several points below Friday's closing. The financial position in Australia was grave enough without the added uncertainty as to whether the Commonwealth Government will be strong enough to carry through Sir Otto Niemeyer's suggestions for the placing of their financial houses in order, to which policy they pledged themselves, and to which policy Mr. Lang and his Labour Party are in strong opposition. One can only hope that, despite the New South Wales elections, the Commonwealth Government will be able to follow the path they have mapped out. The position, however, certainly warrants anxiety for the holders of these Australian Loans.

### BRAZIL

Holders of Brazilian Bonds will have derived some satisfaction from the improvement in prices that has materialized this week, as the result of more favourable advices as to the situation in that country. As is frequently the case on the Stock Exchange, the marking down of prices was overdone on the first alarming advices as to the revolution. While in no way suggesting that the "all clear" has yet been sounded, it is felt that holders of Brazilian issues should retain their interests until the resumption of more normal conditions.

### ELECTRIC SUPPLY SHARES

The general uncertainty in the industrial world has led during recent months to considerable interest being paid to the prior securities of home electric supply companies. This, perhaps, is the one industry which has forged ahead, and has justified the frequent recommendations for this class of security which has been made in these notes during the last year or two. At the moment, however, the demand for these electric Debentures and Preference shares has exceeded the supply, with the result that there are very few investments of this nature to be acquired at the present market price. The result of this is that investment demand is turning more and more to the Ordinary shares in this group, and even here it is not too easy to buy first class counters showing a return of much more than 5 per cent. on current dividends. Attention, however, is drawn to four electric Ordinary shares, which are procurable at prices which show a rather

more generous yield. The Lancashire Electric Light and Power Ordinary shares show a yield of £5 13s. per cent., the Scottish Power £1 Ordinary new shares show a yield of slightly over £5 15s. per cent., the Richmond (Surrey) Electric £1 Ordinary shares show a yield of £5 10s. per cent., while Newcastle and District Electric Ordinary return £5 7s. 6d. per cent. at the present level. Each of these shares are recommended as suitable for permanent investment in this class.

#### GENERAL THEATRE CORPORATION

Those seeking an Industrial debenture, not in the first flight, but, showing a yield in the neighbourhood of 7½ per cent. and yet well secured, should not overlook the 6½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock of the General Theatre Corporation Limited. This Company, which is controlled by the Gaumont British Picture Corporation Limited, owns a controlling interest in fifty-eight picture and variety theatres in various part of the country. The profit of the Company for the year ended March 31 last amounted to £304,341. There is £2,250,000 of this Debenture stock outstanding, interest on which is payable on April 1 and October 1. The capital of the Company consists of 1,250,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, and 650,000 £1 Ordinary shares. The present price of this General Theatre Debenture is in the neighbourhood of 84.

#### BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT TRUST

A yield of around 6 per cent. can be obtained by a purchase of the £1 Redeemable Preference shares of the Birmingham and District Investment Trust Limited. This Company, which is a subsidiary of the British Electric Traction Company Limited, was originally a holding company of transport and electric supply undertakings. During the past year it has sold all these holdings, with the exception of a 50 per cent. interest in the Birmingham and Midland Motor Omnibus Company, and over and above that holding owns to-day combined investments and liquid funds amounting to approximately £2,000,000. The capital of the Company consists of 1,119,560 6 per cent. Cumulative Redeemable Preference shares of £1 and a similar number of Ordinary shares of £1. £216,581 of 4½ per cent. First Debenture stock is outstanding. These Preference shares appear to be adequately secured both as regards capital and interest, and are procurable at a few pence over their nominal price of 20s.

#### UNION CORPORATION

In view of the fact that the conditions ruling during the last twelve months must have made profitable financial transactions, from which the Union Corporation derived part of its revenue, almost impossible, the recent announcement that the interim dividend was to be reduced from 16 per cent., at which level it had been maintained for the two previous years, to 10 per cent., did not come as a surprise to the market, particularly as it was also appreciated that the Corporation's income, derived from its share holdings in base metal companies, must have been radically curtailed. The investor, however, who holds Union Corporation shares should not feel too depressed at this decision. The Company's management is in excellent hands, its finances have been ably and conservatively handled, and there is no reason to doubt that when conditions take a turn for the better, the Corporation will once more regain its full past revenue earning capacity. It is suggested that the present setback should be looked upon as a temporary phase caused by general conditions, and not attributable to any permanent reason.

#### COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the following meetings: Austin Motors and the Gramophone Company.

TAURUS

#### Company Meetings

### THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY

#### STRONG POSITION DISCLOSED

The Ordinary General Meeting of the Gramophone Company, Ltd., was held on October 28, at Hotel Victoria, W.C.

Mr. Alfred Clark (the chairman) said that the profit for the year under review, before charging debenture interest and directors' fees, amounted to £870,741. That figure showed a decrease as compared with the last two years, but was the third largest profit-figure which they had attained in their long history. It represented over 15 per cent. on their increased net assets, an earning power which at the present moment was not being equalled by many industrial concerns.

Their total assets at June 30, 1930, had reached the figure of £6,722,058, which was an increase of £1,428,278 on last year, after making adequate provision for depreciation. The new capital that was raised in July of last year had been required by the company for its commitments and for expansion of its business. Undoubted evidence of the coming of the trade depression had caused them to curtail their plans for further expansion, with the result that they had now a very large cash balance. The dividend of 20 per cent. for the year represented a distribution of some 74 per cent. of the year's trading profit. The average distribution over a period of 28 years was 61 per cent. The directors felt that by increasing the distribution as they did they were going as far as a wise and safe policy would permit, considering the times through which they were all passing, and the need of conserving the cash position.

#### TALKING FILMS AND RADIO

It had been announced last year that the company had arranged to make the sound-recording of four talking films. The completed films had subsequently been shown, with the result that two of them had been considered of exceptional merit and the other two good average films. It was a fact that profitable distribution of British films required exhibition abroad, particularly in the United States, American exhibitors, however, had been slow to take up British films and, although the bookings of their four films had given evidence of returning a small profit to the company, the directors had come to the conclusion that, until wider distribution could be assured, the production of films in this country, so far as the company was concerned, was too speculative, and they had decided that it would be wiser for the present for them to take their profit on the films they had made and withdraw from that field.

As shareholders knew, the company had purchased last year from Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. their business and existing rights in certain fields which, of course, included radio. The purchase had already resulted in a satisfactory profit to the company, and they believed that, given only normal trading conditions, they could expect an expanding profit. Through the purchase they had obtained a share in the royalties collected by the Marconi Company from the trade for the use of radio patents. They had also acquired important interests in the manufacture of radio valves, and that business, including the sale of valves under the Marconi trade mark, was increasing.

The sales of radio receiving sets and accessories for the past year showed a considerable advance over those made in the previous year by the Marconiphone Company, but, while the sales were greater, the percentage of profit on radio sets was not yet on a par with that earned on gramophones. In the new field of radio they were determined to preserve their world-renowned reputation for quality.

#### THE FUTURE

As to the prospects for the coming year, the depression in trade, which was practically universal and responsible for the falling off of their earnings in the past year, was unfortunately still with them, and the end of it could not yet be seen. They were carefully watching the effects on their trade, but there were no signs at present on which they could venture to predict when the change, which assuredly would come, would be apparent in their returns.

Meanwhile, the popularity and high reputation of the company's goods remained as great as ever. There was no country in which they traded where they were not generally recognized as the best. The directors saw no waning interest in the gramophone. On the contrary, the popularity of music in the home, both for entertainment and education, was undiminished.

The directors felt confident that, with the lessening of the general depression, they would return to better business and to an expansion of the prosperity they had continuously experienced in the past.

The report was adopted.



# AUSTIN MOTORS

**Trading Profit, £858,136**

SEVEN MONTHS

**Cash at Bank, £1,129,117.**
**30 per cent. increase in home sales for ten weeks since 31st July over same Period of last year.**
**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 29th OCTOBER, 1930.**
*Dividends declared:*
**20 per cent. per annum on Preferred Ordinary Shares.  
60 per cent. actual on Ordinary Shares.**

## CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Sir Herbert Austin said:

The period under review is for only seven months, and these seven months include the period during which the home market for the sale of automobiles is usually the briskest, but since the commencement of our new financial year on August 1, our sales for the home market have exceeded that of the same period of last year by nearly 30 per cent.

Practically the whole of the programme of production for next season for home sales has been contracted for by our agents, and judging by their confidence and enthusiasm we expect to have a larger turnover than during the past year. This confidence is naturally assisted by the improvements we have lately made in our products and the reductions in prices effected as the results of the installation of better equipment for manufacture.

The very favourable reception of our models at both Olympia and the Paris salon was highly gratifying. The French President and the French Press expressed admiration for our coachwork.

An additional reason why we believe we shall have a good year is the fact that our determination to build only a dependable product is being more thoroughly appreciated every year by car purchasers. When competition becomes keener, as it is doing all the time, a sound, moderate-priced article that has to function under difficult conditions, such as a motor-car, is always sure of increased support.

While our export figures show an increase in most centres over last year, general export markets, on the other hand, have been less active, and it is a great disappointment to find that the results of the Imperial Conference are apparently going to be much less satisfactory than was anticipated. Hopes were entertained by the motor industry that a generous scale of Preferential Duties would be arranged between the Mother Country and the Dominions and Colonies, which, together with the special efforts we are making in export trade, would have made it possible to obtain a substantial and permanent increase in that direction.

It would be a real national calamity if the Conference should come to an end without arriving at a well-defined scheme for the substantial increase of Empire trading. To a business man it must appear as unfortunate that the Government had not ready a well-thought-out scheme to present to the delegates when the discussions commenced.

Even at this date we all hope good counsel will prevail and this country will be able to look forward to much improved general trading conditions in 1931.

The 20, 16 and 12 h.p. models are increasing their popularity.

I hope I shall be excused if I again refer to the continuing success of the 7 h.p. car, a model which has for several years held the premier position in sales and has brought to the company substantial profits. The past season has again been notable for its triumphs on the road and track in open competition with all the best makes in the world. It has competed this year in seven major events and won 7 firsts, 4 seconds and 2 thirds. It has also during the past few days substantially beaten 17 of the international speed records from standing kilometre and mile to the 1,000 kilometres and the 12 hours. It also won the 500 miles British Racing Drivers' Club Race at the remarkable speed of 83.41 miles per hour. This was the world's fastest race.

At the Class Meetings and Extraordinary General Meeting which preceded this meeting, the sanction of the shareholders has been obtained to the alteration of the date of the end of the financial year of the company to July 31, and to adjust the payment of dividends to that date. The directors are pleased that the shareholders have shown such confidence in the board in accepting their recommendations.

I now have pleasure in moving that the Directors' Report for the seven months ending July 31, 1930, and the accounts as audited to that date, be received and adopted, and that the dividends recommended by the directors in the Report be declared and paid on November 29, 1930, to all shareholders whose names appear on the Company's Share Registers on October 29, 1930.

I am very pleased to be able to present to you such a satisfactory balance sheet, especially during a period of general depression in trade.

I am sure you will agree that our cash position is a very strong one, and the board are fully alive to the advantage of conserving this item.

Goodwill still stands at £280,000, but judging by our present earning capacity and the market price of the ordinary shares, it is evident that this amount only represents a very small part of its real value. It is not often that the market price of a debenture of an industrial company such as ours rises to over par, and holders must have been agreeably surprised at the strength shown by our debentures lately.

In considering the proportion of the ordinary dividend recommended by the board, it should be borne in mind that the ordinary shareholders are fully entitled to receive a sound dividend on the original par value of their shares and that the proposed amount only represents 15 per cent. for the seven months' period.

Mr. E. L. Payton, financial director, before seconding the Report, said the shareholders would be interested in the following facts:

In three years and ten months the gross trading profit has amounted to nearly ... .. **£4,000,000**

In the same period we have paid in Debenture Interest and Sinking Fund and arrears and current dividends ... .. **£1,800,000**

Maintenance and Depreciation ... .. **£1,385,000**

Now, with regard to Reserve, the Sinking Fund Reserve, which is a Capital Reserve, amounts to and we have ... .. **£167,270**

Debenture Stock purchased for redemption but not yet cancelled ... .. **£70,176**

The Sinking Fund increases each year, and at the end of about fifteen years our Debentures will be cancelled, and there will be a Capital Reserve created of ... .. **£1,500,000**

against your fixed assets, which to-day amounts to **£2,100,000**

The amount carried forward in the Profit and Loss account is ... .. **£279,819**

which is equal to 1½ years of Debenture Interest and Sinking Fund charges and "A" and "B" Preference Dividends, so that if we have a bad year we can meet these items.

Our cash at the Bank, amounting to ... .. **£1,129,000** enables us to take this view.

Some of the shareholders may wonder why we carry such large cash resources. Our view is that the motor trade is different from the ordinary trading concern. In the latter business the debtors usually exceed the creditors and accrued charges, but in our case we sell for cash, and therefore must keep cash to meet our commitments and to give our suppliers confidence that should trade become very bad they will be paid in the usual way. You will be interested to hear that we pay over 80 per cent. of our suppliers weekly. With regard to future reserves, it is the intention of the board to build up a large general Reserve Fund out of future profits.

In conclusion, I would say that we have the latest plant and equipment, which is all maintained in an excellent condition, and we have no fear of the future, given reasonable general trade conditions. I have, therefore, pleasure in seconding the Report.

Year to	15 months			
	Sept. 30, 1927.	Dec. 31, 1928.	Dec. 31, 1929.	7 mths. to July 31, 1930.
Gross Profit	£ 962,477	£ 861,300	£ 1,297,446	£ 858,136
Deb. Interest, etc.	135,000	168,750	135,000	78,750
Fees and Taxes	103,000	83,500	173,677	152,375
Depreciation, etc.	318,018	396,019	428,981	342,679
Special allocations	290,830	Nil	Nil	Nil
Earned for dividends	115,639	243,025	339,788	394,341
7 per cent. Cum. Pref. div.	1105,000	14,000	14,000	7,911
6 per cent. Cum. Pref. div.	Nil	1180,000	1300,000	35,000
Pref. Ord. dividend	Nil	Nil	120,000	67,812
Earned for Ord.	Nil	Nil	35,788	273,618
Ord. dividend	Nil	Nil	24,000	60,750
Carry forward	10,639	59,064	71,452	279,800

+ 6 years' arrears of div.    § 7 years' arrears of div.    § 3 years' arrears of div.

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No. 1. SHORT STORY. Closing date, November 3.

No. 2. BOOK REVIEW. Closing date, November 10.

No. 3. ESSAY. Closing date, December 1.

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